BUCKY *and* TORO

in

YOUNG ALLIES

COMICS

NO. 13

SUMMER

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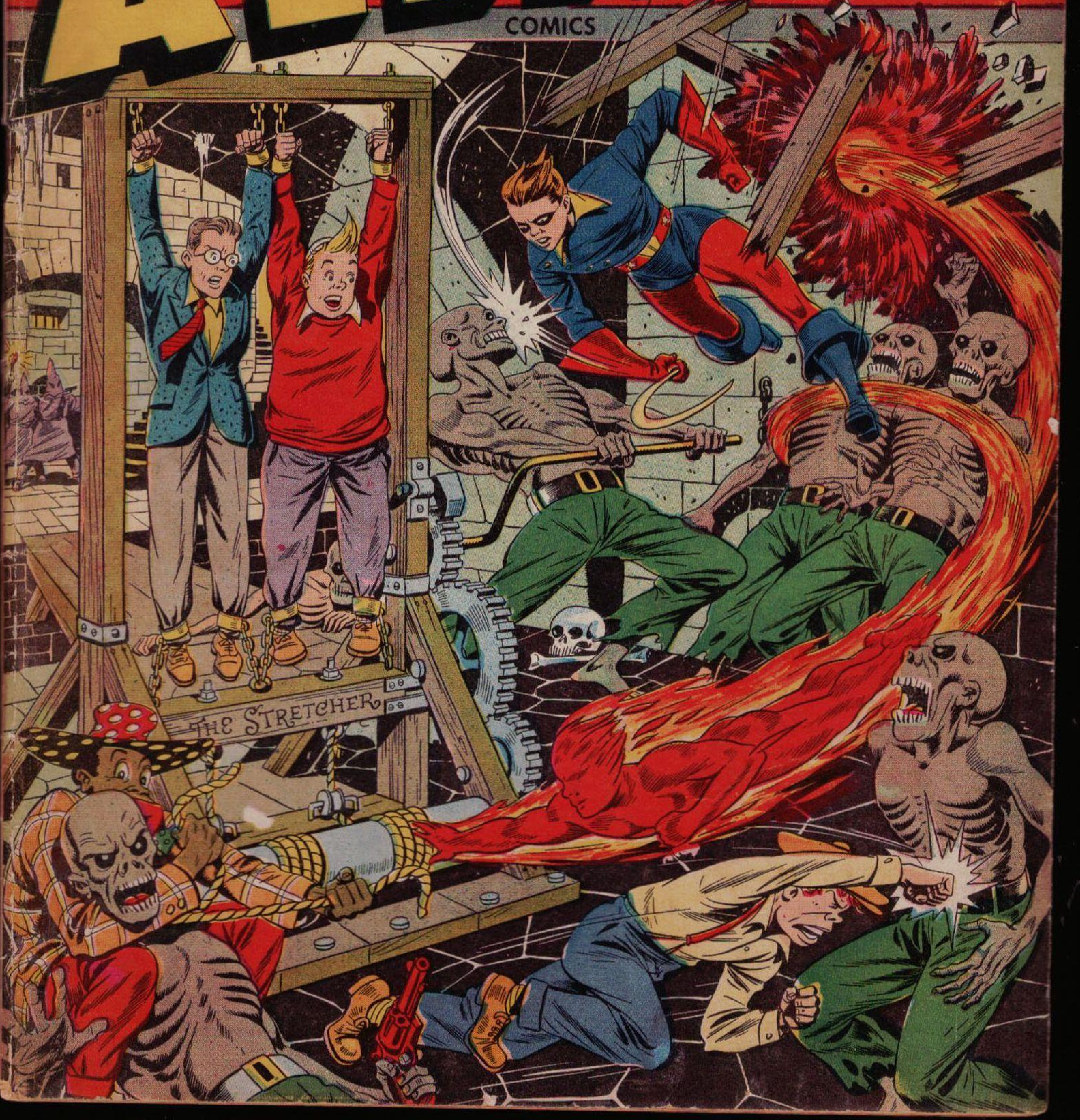
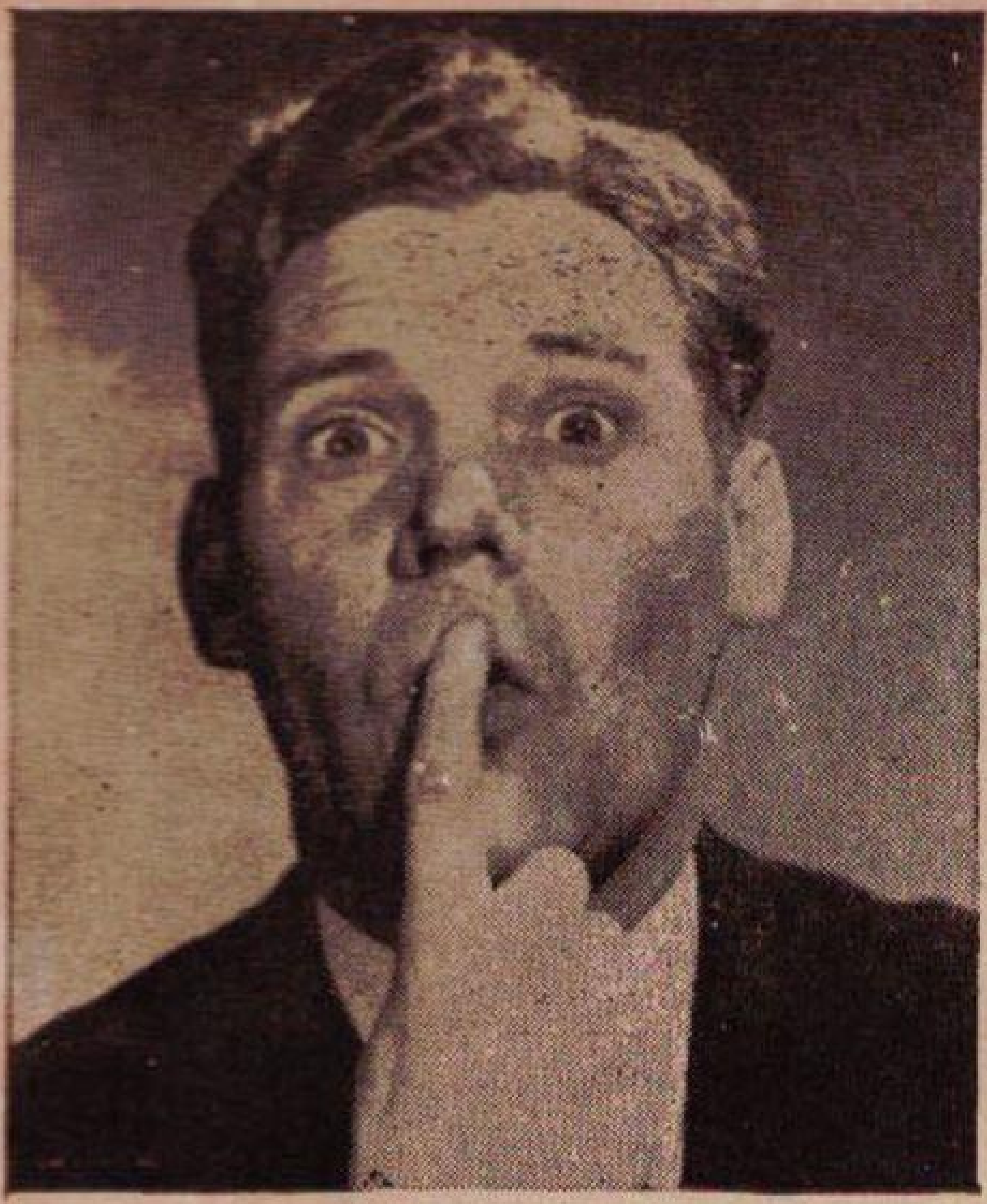

THE STRETCHER

"AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS!"



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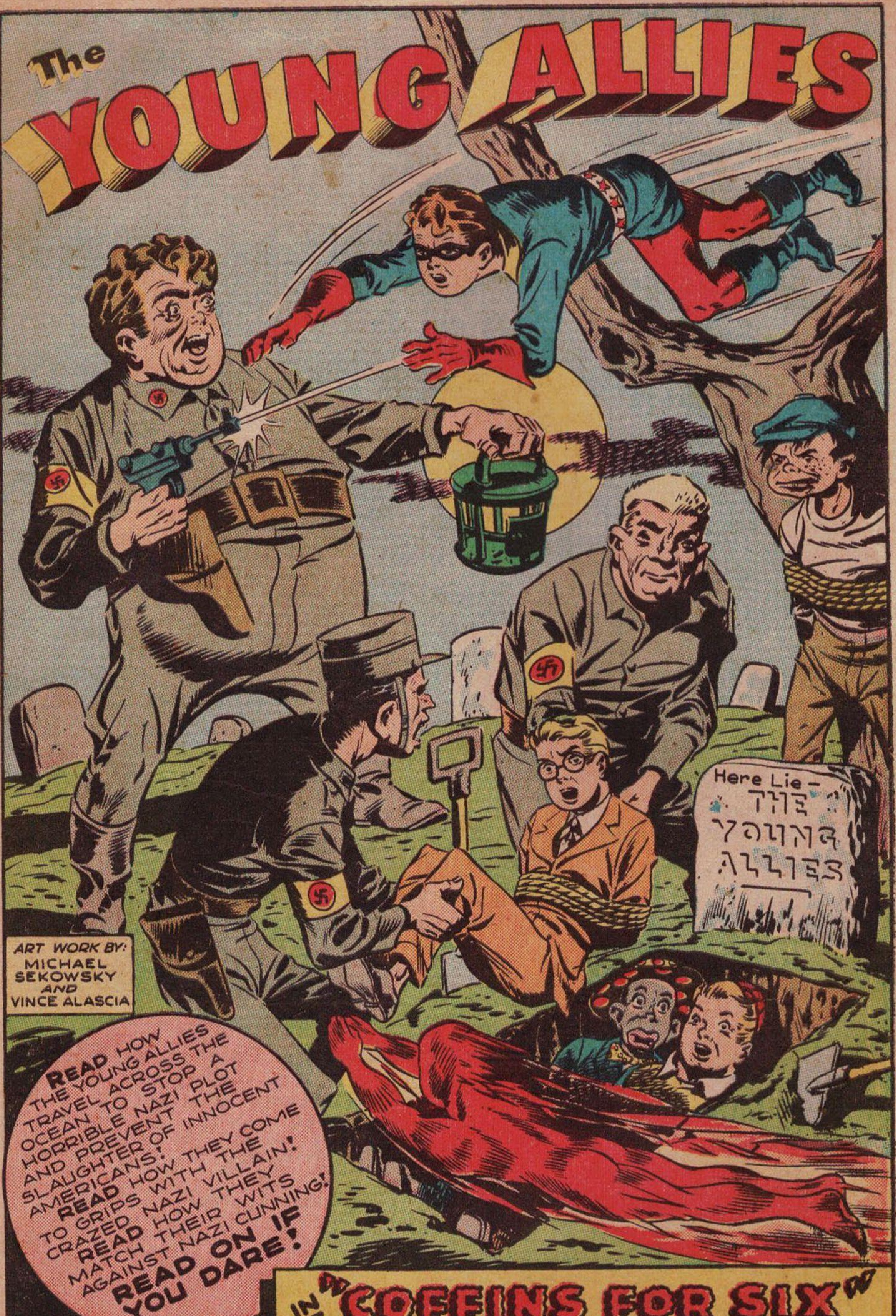
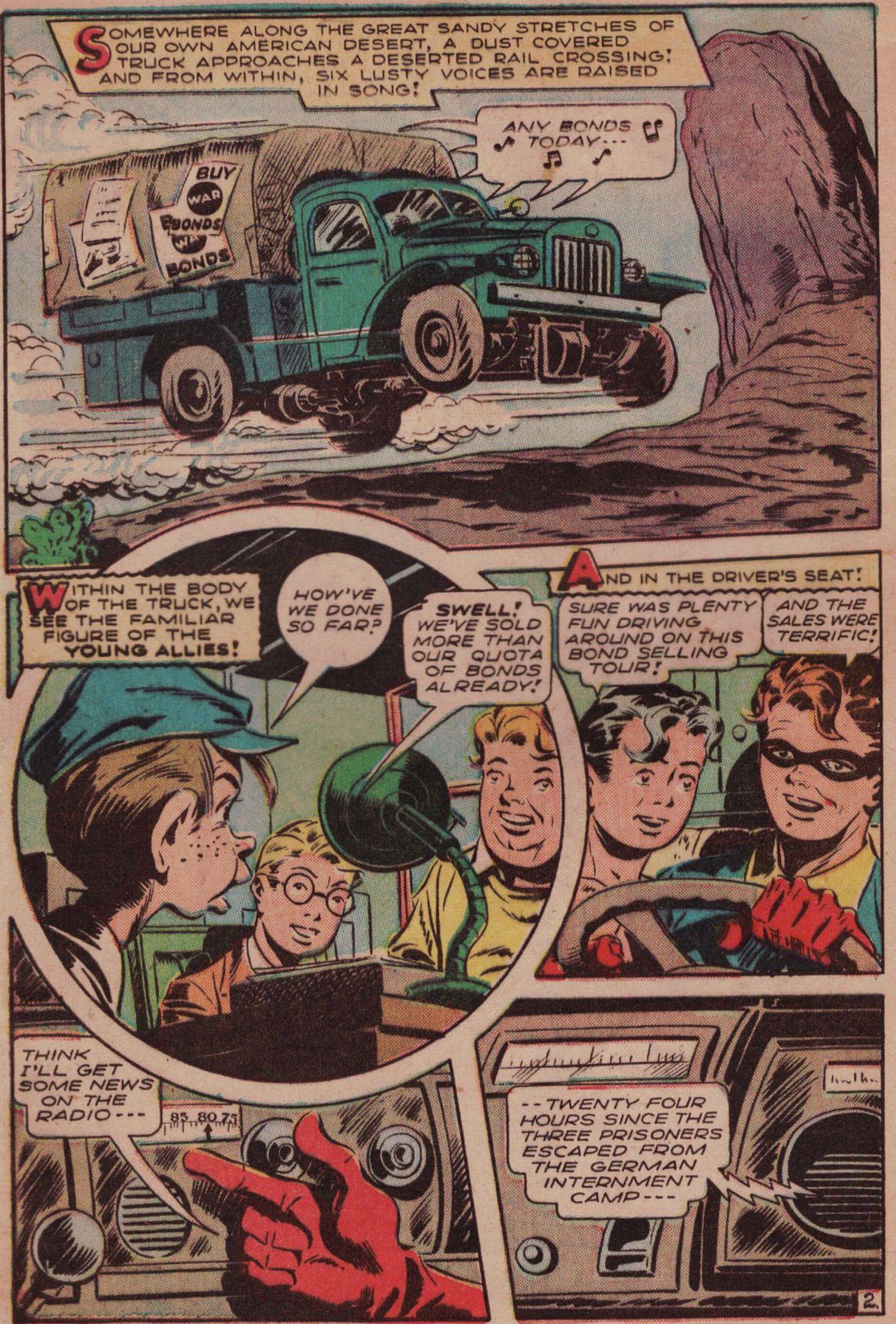
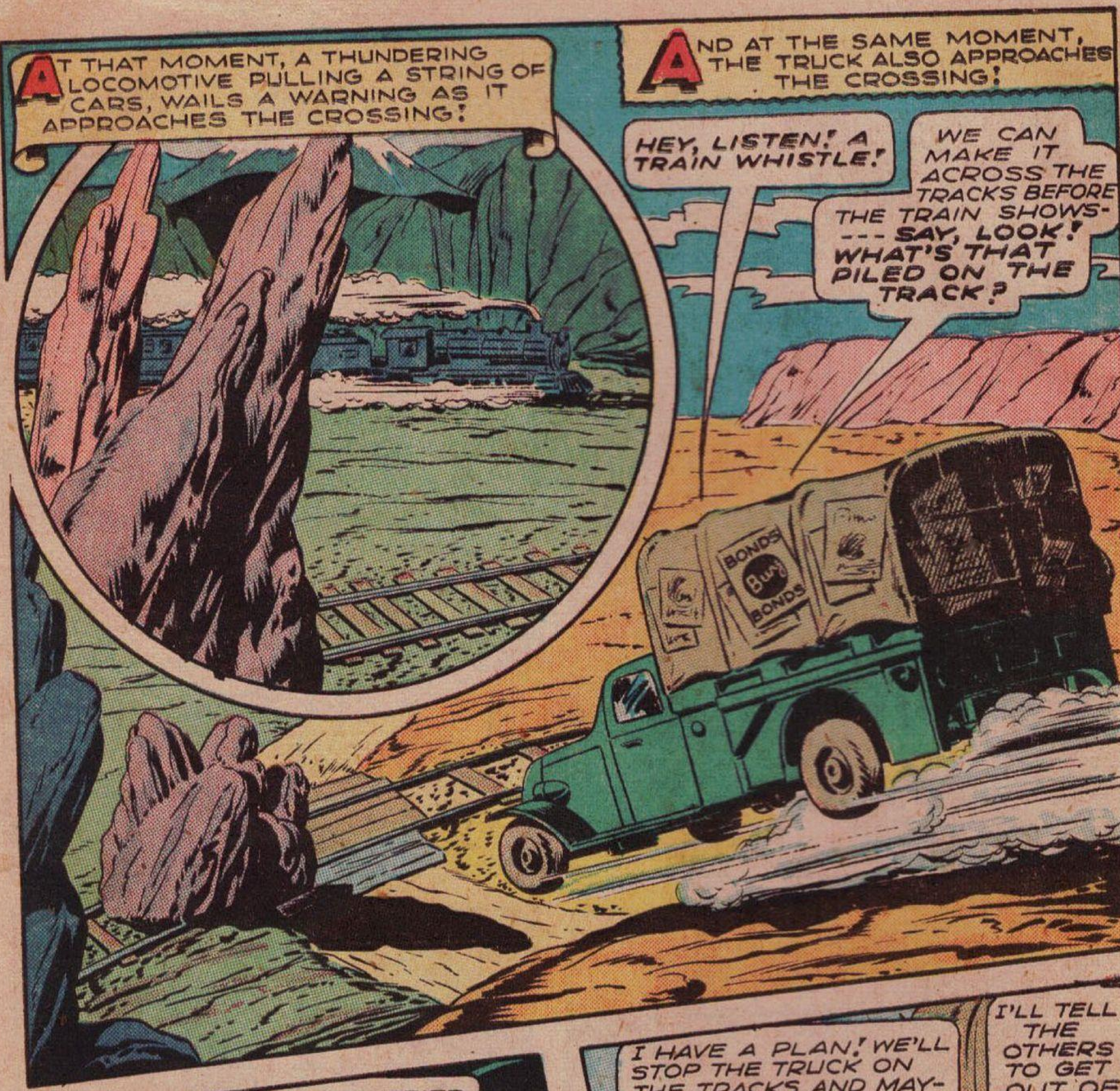
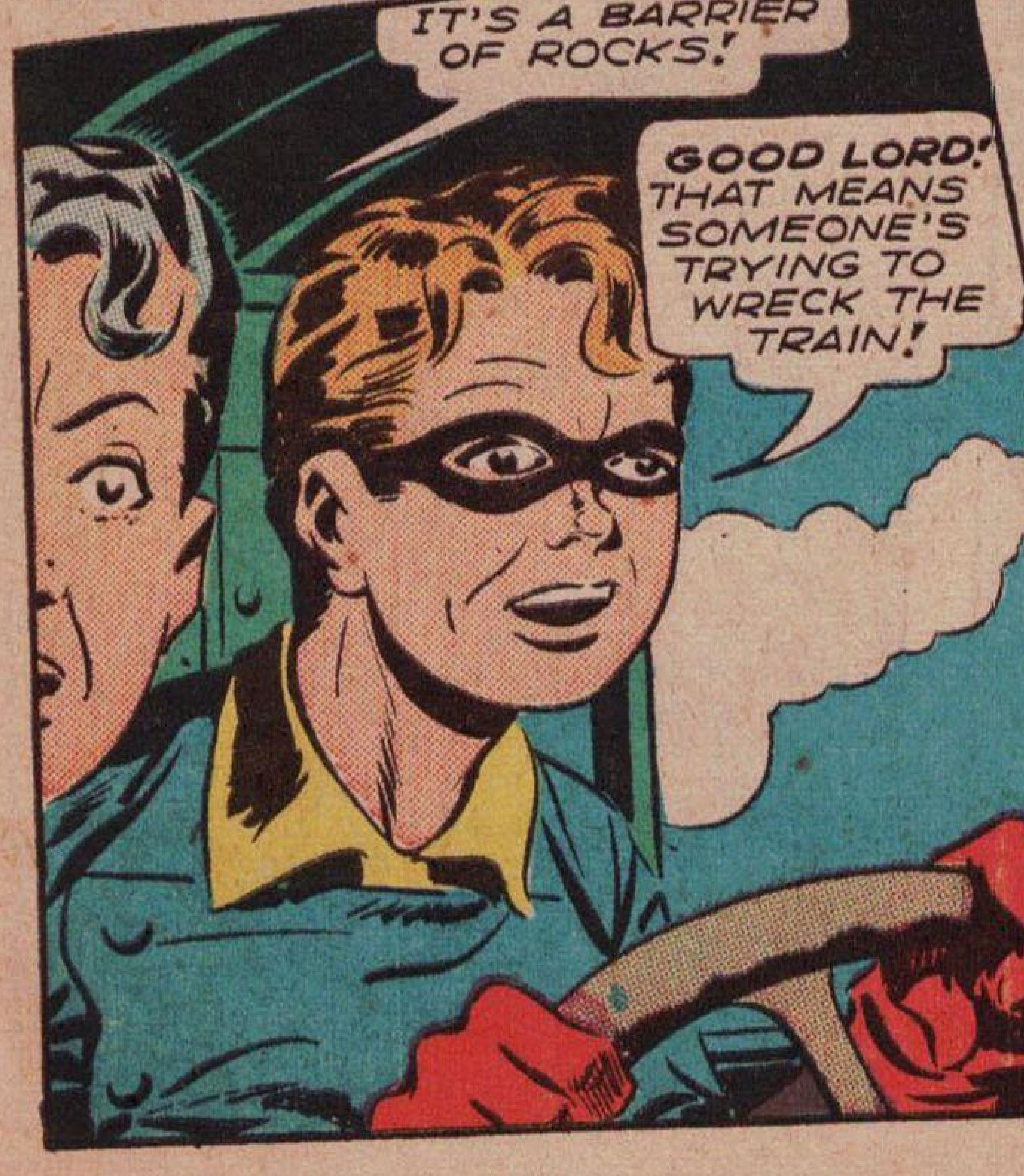
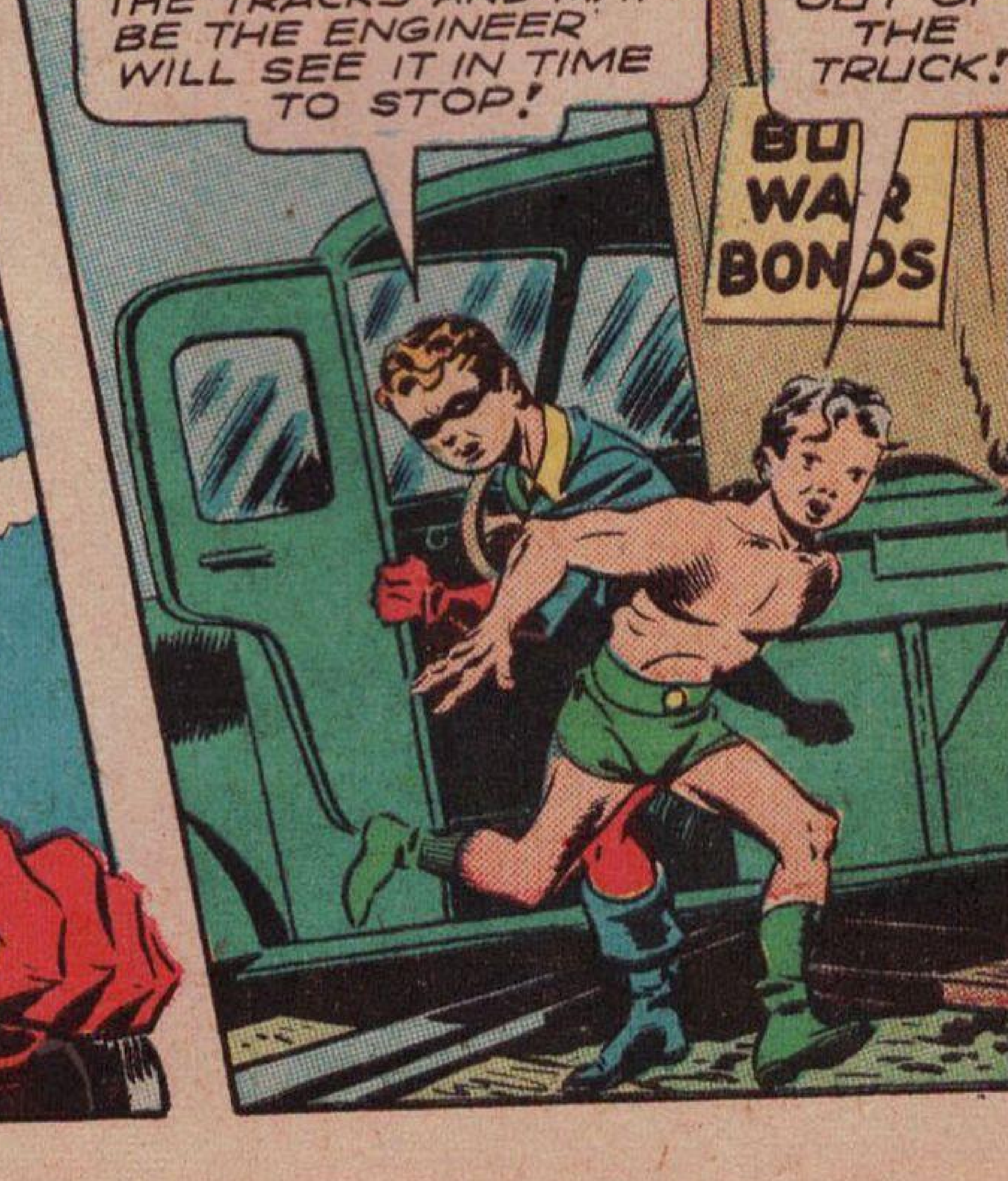
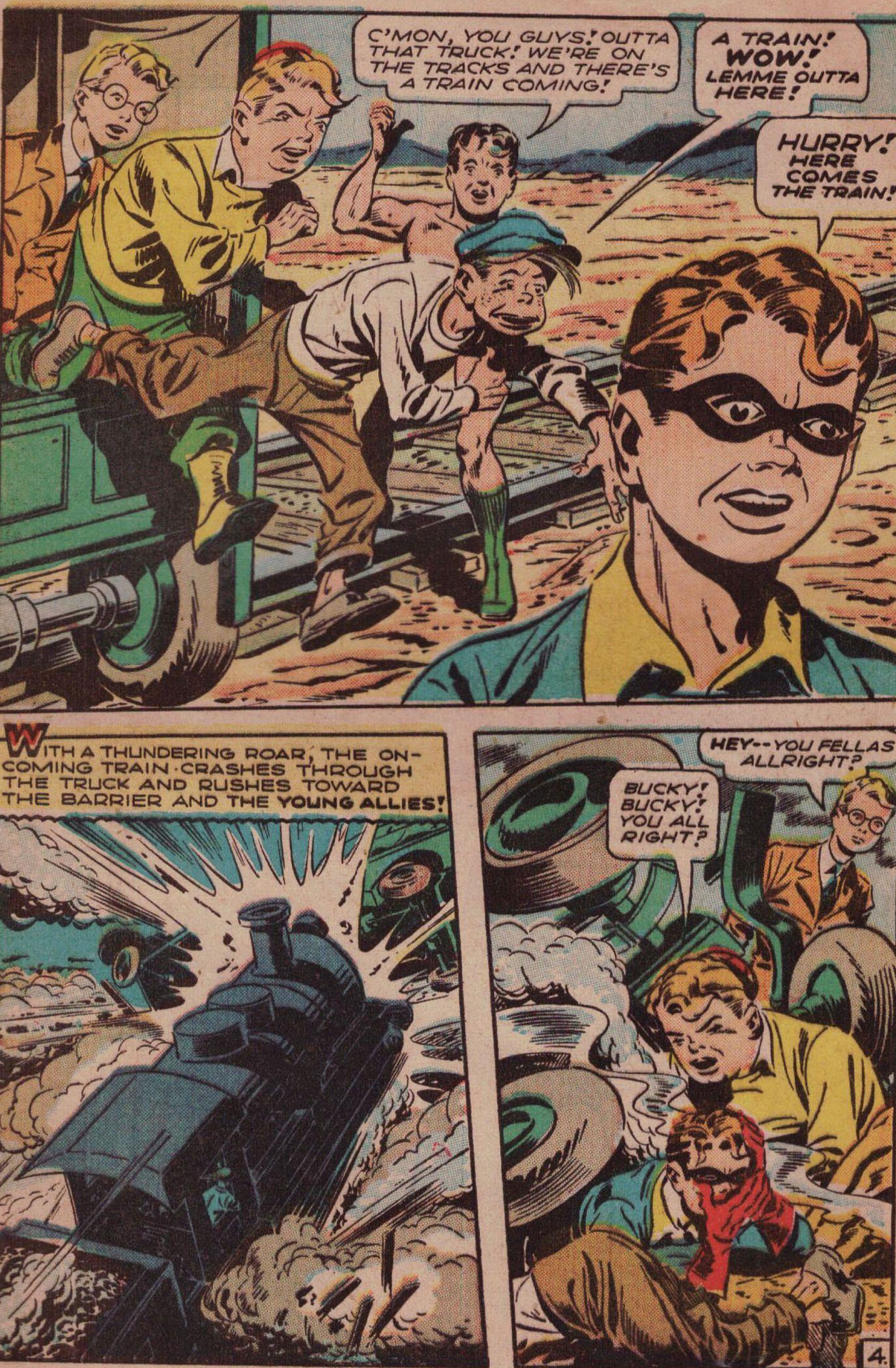

The YOUNG ALLIES
ART WORK BY: MICHAEL SEKOWSKY AND VINCE ALASCIA
Here Lie — THE YOUNG ALLIES
READ HOW THE YOUNG ALLIES TRAVEL ACROSS THE OCEAN TO STOP A HORRIBLE NAZI PLOT AND PREVENT THE SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENT AMERICANS! READ HOW THEY COME TO GRIPS WITH THE CRAZED NAZI VILLAIN! READ HOW THEY MATCH THEIR WITS AGAINST NAZI CUNNING! READ ON IF YOU DARE!
IN "COFFINS FOR SIX"

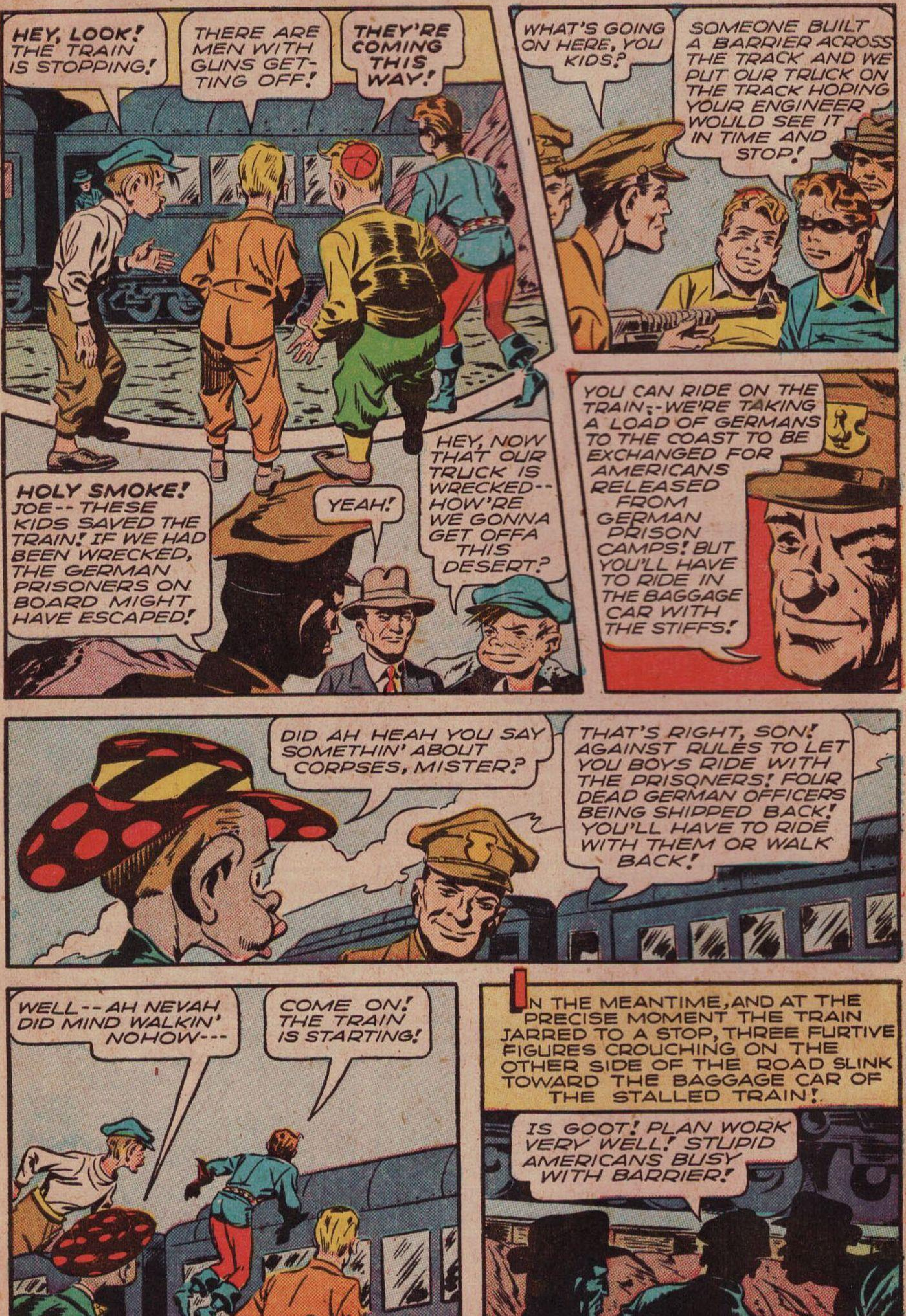

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE GREAT SANDY STRETCHES OF OUR OWN AMERICAN DESERT, A DUST COVERED TRUCK APPROACHES A DESERTED RAIL CROSSING! AND FROM WITHIN, SIX LUSTY VOICES ARE RAISED IN SONG!
ANY BONDS TODAY---
BUY WAR BONDS
WAR BONDS
WITHIN THE BODY OF THE TRUCK, WE SEE THE FAMILIAR FIGURE OF THE YOUNG ALLIES!
HOW'VE WE DONE SO FAR?
SWELL! WE'VE SOLD MORE THAN OUR QUOTA OF BONDS ALREADY!
AND IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT!
SURE WAS PLENTY FUN DRIVING AROUND ON THIS BOND SELLING TOUR!
AND THE SALES WERE TERRIFIC!
THINK I'LL GET SOME NEWS ON THE RADIO---
85 80 75
--TWENTY FOUR HOURS SINCE THE THREE PRISONERS ESCAPED FROM THE GERMAN INTERNMENT CAMP---

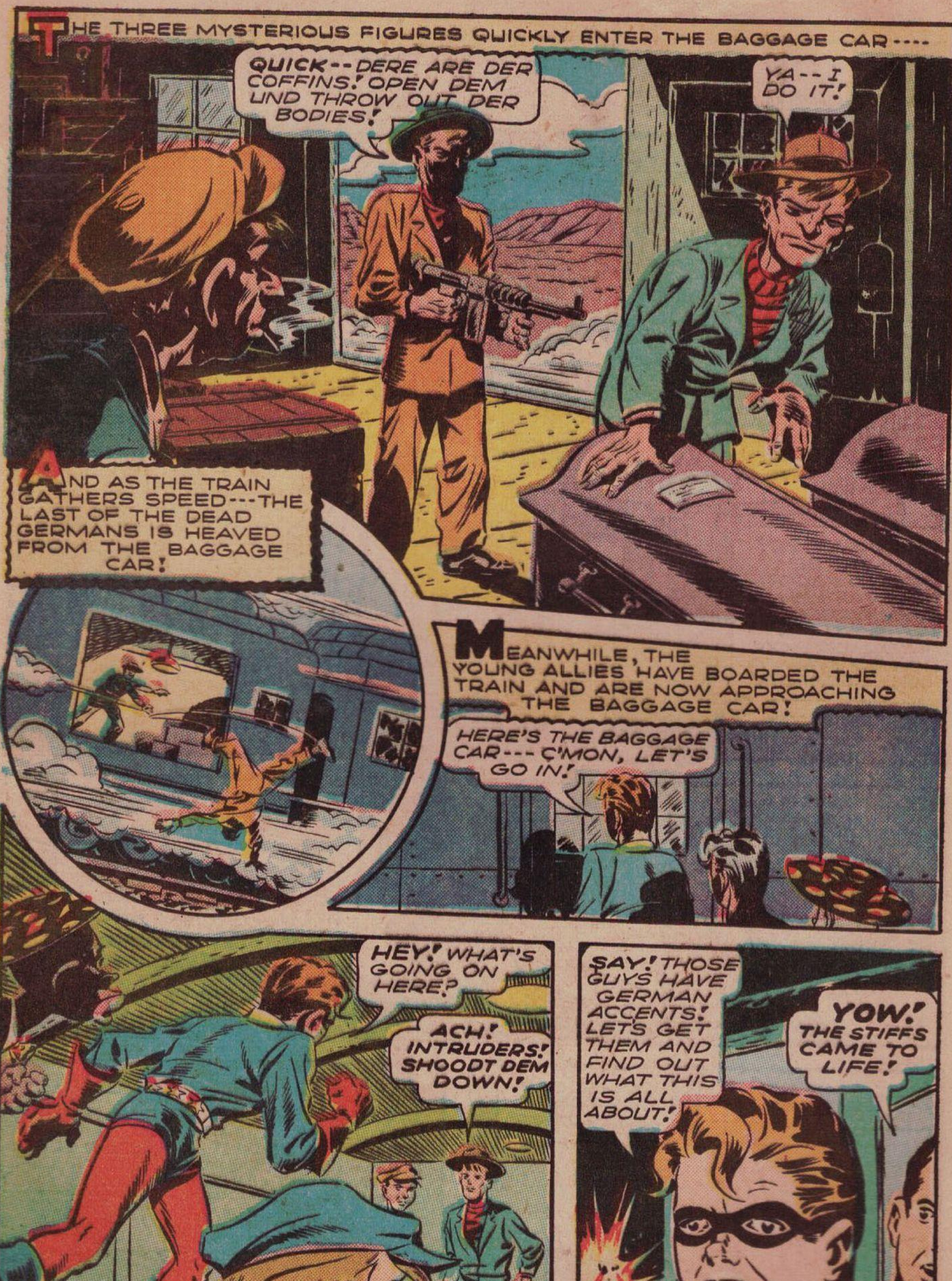

AT THAT MOMENT, A THUNDERING LOCOMOTIVE PULLING A STRING OF CARS, WAILS A WARNING AS IT APPROACHES THE CROSSING!
AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, THE TRUCK ALSO APPROACHES THE CROSSING!
HEY, LISTEN! A TRAIN WHISTLE!
WE CAN MAKE IT ACROSS THE TRACKS BEFORE THE TRAIN SHOWS---SAY, LOOK! WHAT'S THAT PILED ON THE TRACK?
BONDS
BUY
BONDS

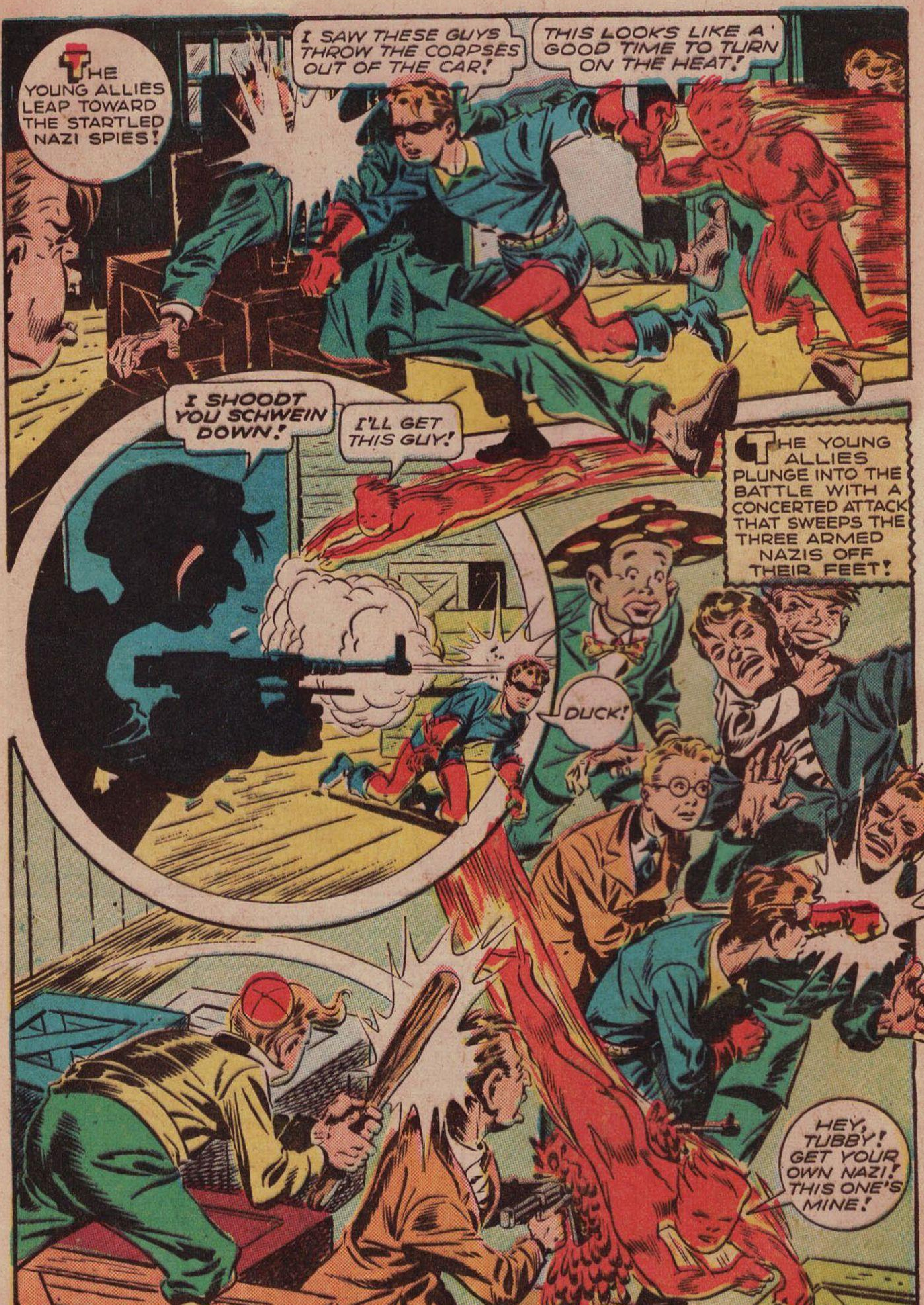

IT'S A BARRIER OF ROCKS!
GOOD LORD! THAT MEANS SOMEONE'S TRYING TO WRECK THE TRAIN!

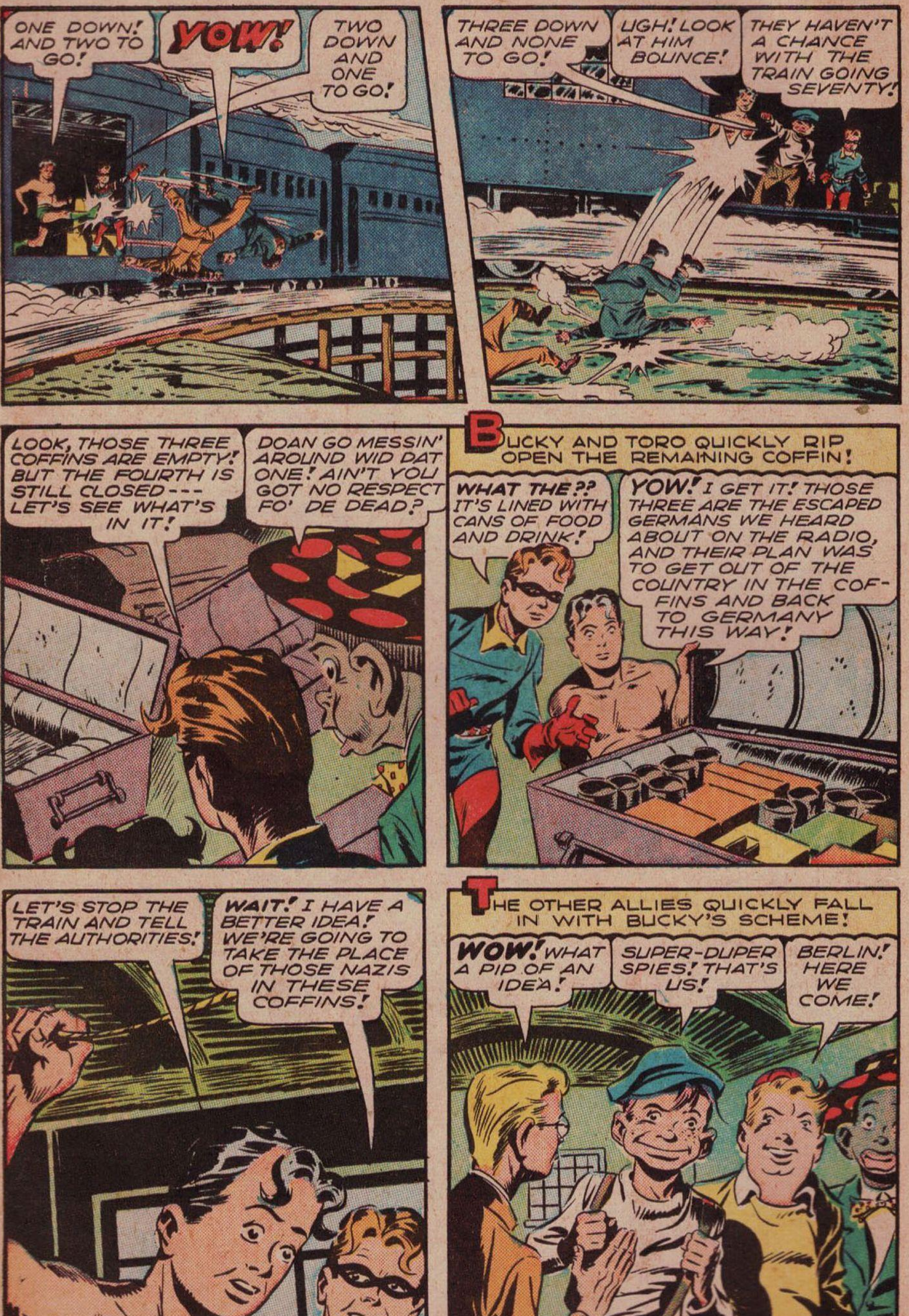

I HAVE A PLAN! WE'LL STOP THE TRUCK ON THE TRACKS AND MAYBE THE ENGINEER WILL SEE IT IN TIME TO STOP!
I'LL TELL THE OTHERS TO GET OUT OF THE TRUCK!
BU WAR BONDS
3

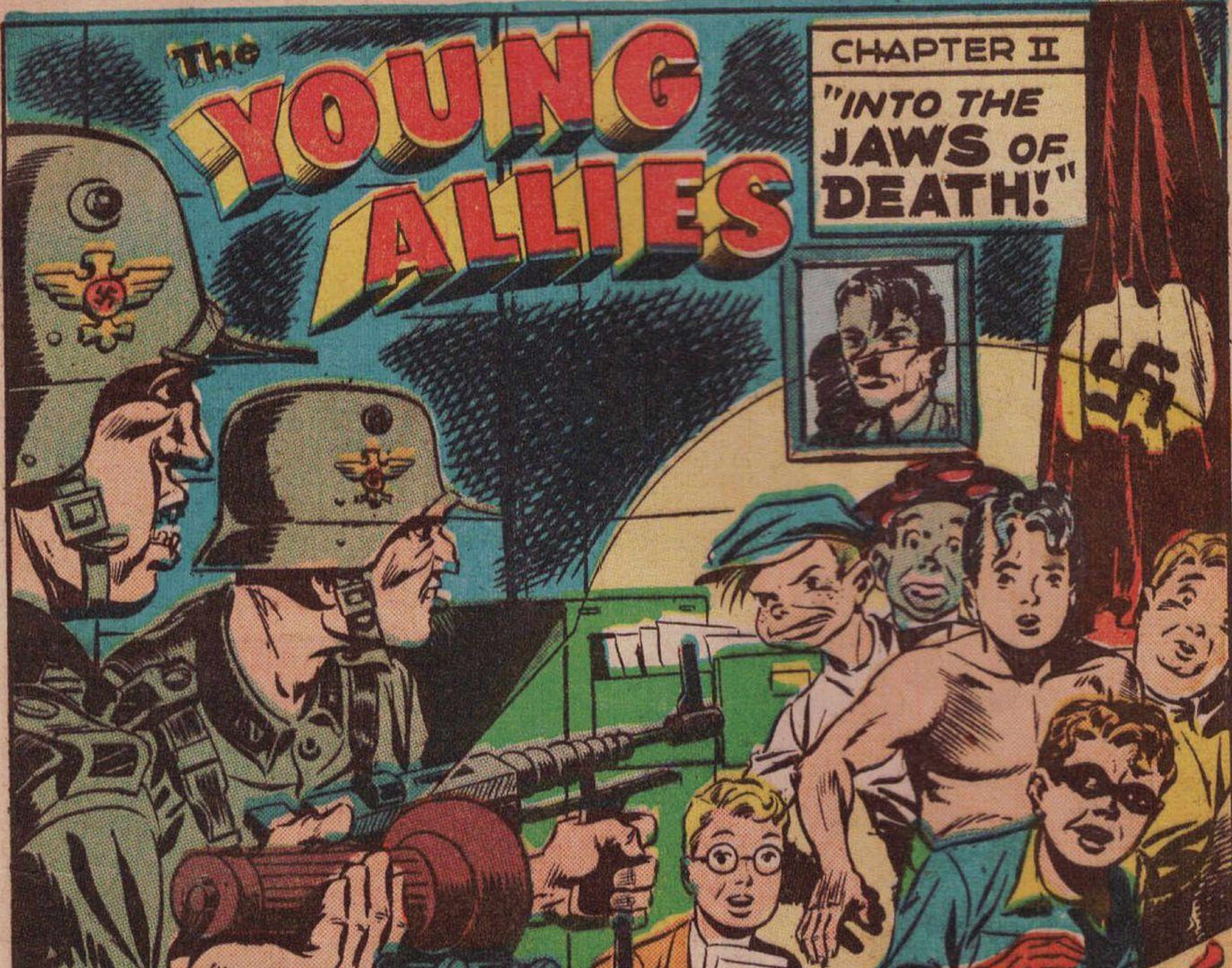

C'MON, YOU GUYS! OUTTA THAT TRUCK! WE'RE ON THE TRACKS AND THERE'S A TRAIN COMING!
A TRAIN! WOW! LEMME OUTTA HERE!
HURRY! HERE COMES THE TRAIN!
WITH A THUNDERING ROAR, THE ON-COMING TRAIN CRASHES THROUGH THE TRUCK AND RUSHES TOWARD THE BARRIER AND THE YOUNG ALLIES!
HEY--YOU FELLAS ALLRIGHT?
BUCKY! BUCKY! YOU ALL RIGHT?


HEY, LOOK! THE TRAIN IS STOPPING!
THERE ARE MEN WITH GUNS GETTING OFF!
THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, YOU KIDS?
SOMEONE BUILT A BARRIER ACROSS THE TRACK AND WE PUT OUR TRUCK ON THE TRACK HOPING YOUR ENGINEER WOULD SEE IT IN TIME AND STOP!
HOLY SMOKE! JOE-- THESE KIDS SAVED THE TRAIN! IF WE HAD BEEN WRECKED, THE GERMAN PRISONERS ON BOARD MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED!
YEAH!
HEY, NOW THAT OUR TRUCK IS WRECKED-- HOW'RE WE GONNA GET OFFA THIS DESERT?
YOU CAN RIDE ON THE TRAIN--WE'RE TAKING A LOAD OF GERMANS TO THE COAST TO BE EXCHANGED FOR AMERICANS RELEASED FROM GERMAN PRISON CAMPS! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO RIDE IN THE BAGGAGE CAR WITH THE STIFFS!
DID AH HEAH YOU SAY SOMETHIN' ABOUT CORPSES, MISTER?
THAT'S RIGHT, SON! AGAINST RULES TO LET YOU BOYS RIDE WITH THE PRISONERS! FOUR DEAD GERMAN OFFICERS BEING SHIPPED BACK! YOU'LL HAVE TO RIDE WITH THEM OR WALK BACK!
WELL--AH NEVAH DID MIND WALKIN' NOHOW---
COME ON! THE TRAIN IS STARTING!
IN THE MEANTIME, AND AT THE PRECISE MOMENT THE TRAIN JARRED TO A STOP, THREE FURTIVE FIGURES CROUCHING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD SLINK TOWARD THE BAGGAGE CAR OF THE STALLED TRAIN!
IS GOOT! PLAN WORK VERY WELL! STUPID AMERICANS BUSY WITH BARRIER!

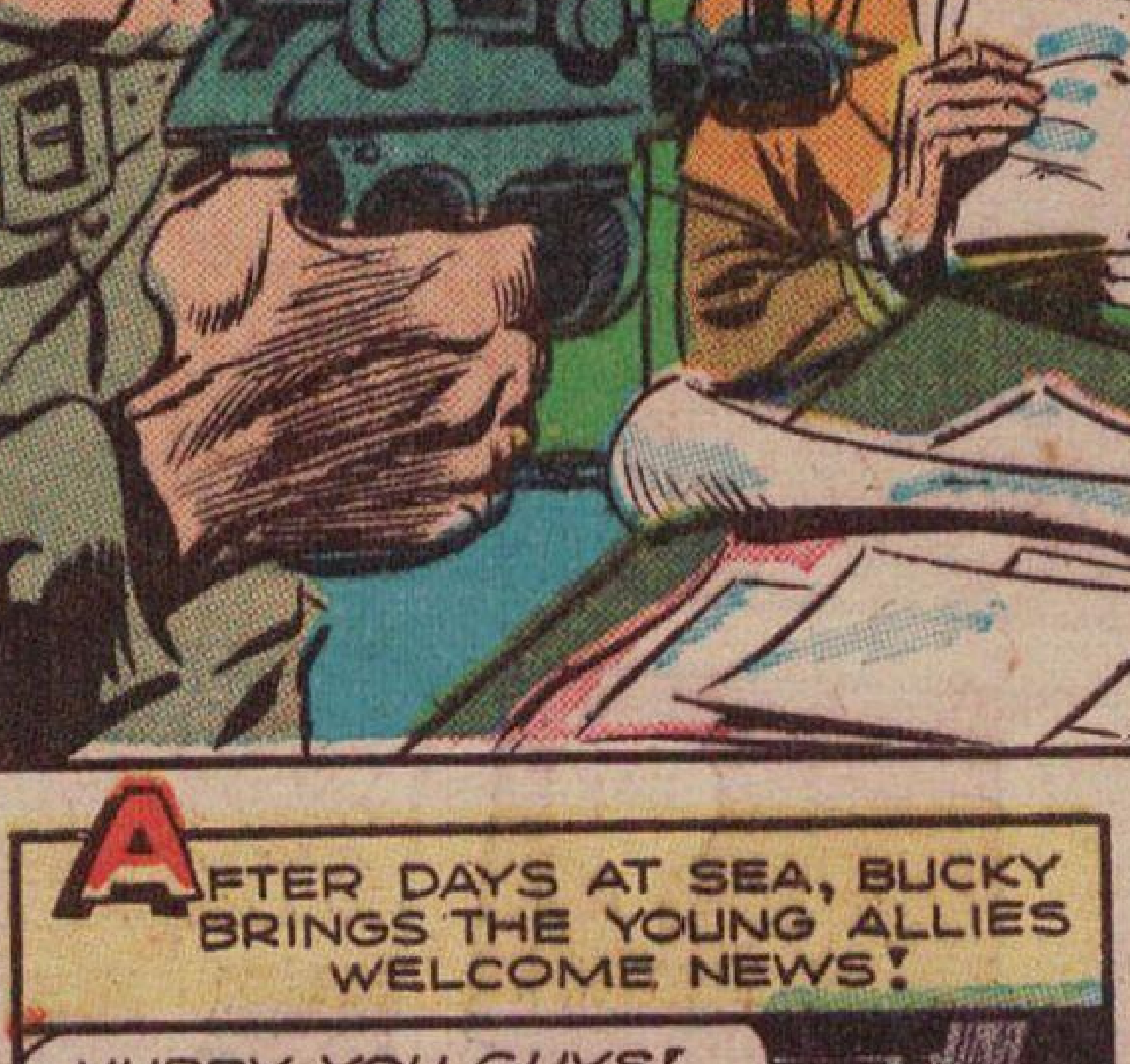

THE THREE MYSTERIOUS FIGURES QUICKLY ENTER THE BAGGAGE CAR----
QUICK--DERE ARE DER COFFINS! OPEN DEM UND THROW OUT DER BODIES!
YA--I DO IT!
AND AS THE TRAIN GATHERS SPEED---THE LAST OF THE DEAD GERMANS IS HEAVED FROM THE BAGGAGE CAR!
MEANWHILE, THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE BOARDED THE TRAIN AND ARE NOW APPROACHING THE BAGGAGE CAR!
HERE'S THE BAGGAGE CAR---C'MON, LET'S GO IN!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
ACH! INTRUDERS! SHOODT DEM DOWN!
SAY! THOSE GUYS HAVE GERMAN ACCENTS! LET'S GET THEM AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
YOW! THE STIFFS CAME TO LIFE!

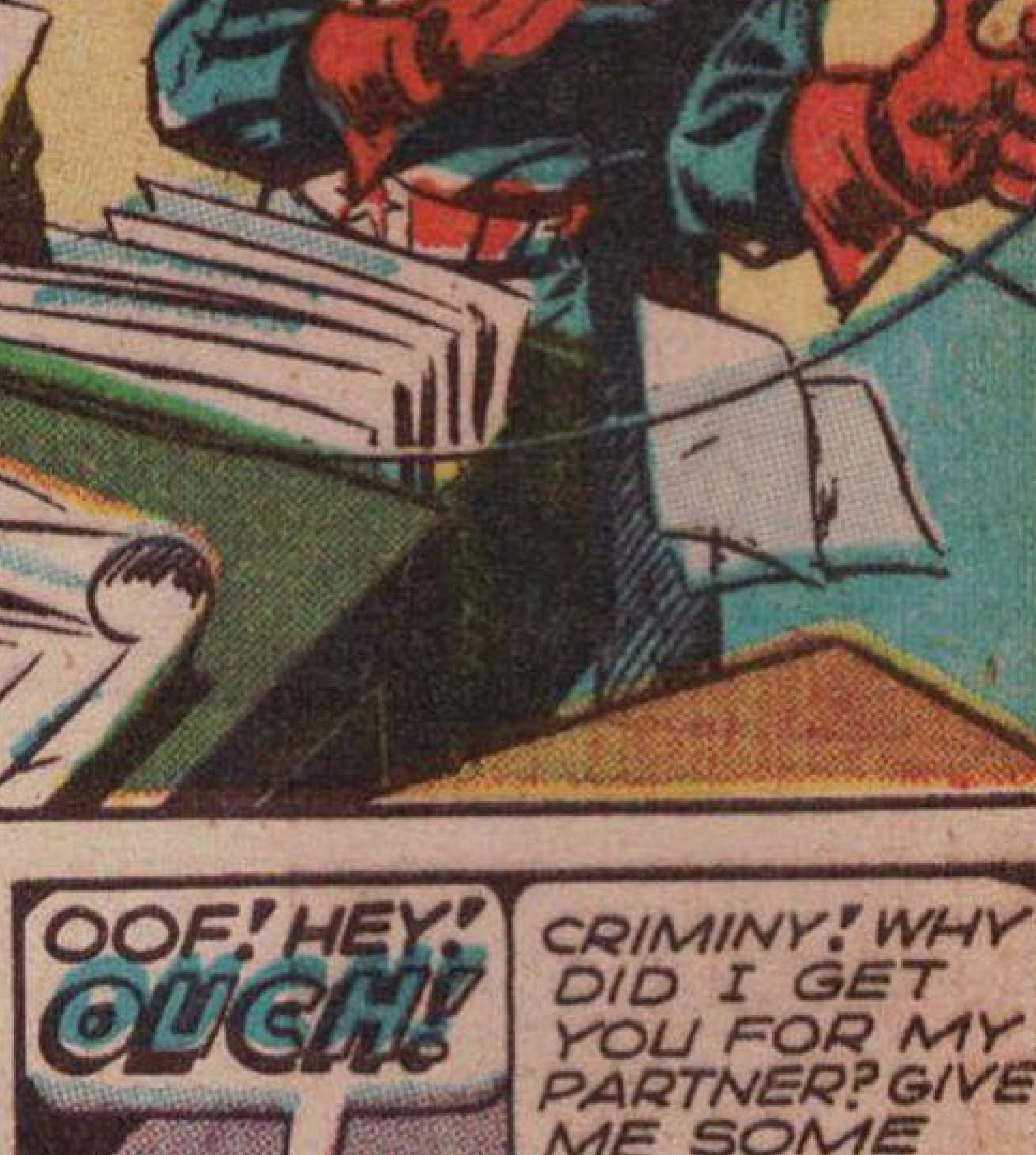

THE YOUNG ALLIES LEAP TOWARD THE STARTLED NAZI SPIES!
I SAW THESE GUYS THROW THE CORPSES OUT OF THE CAR!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD TIME TO TURN ON THE HEAT!
I SHOODT YOU SCHWEIN DOWN!
I'LL GET THIS GUY!
THE YOUNG ALLIES PLUNGE INTO THE BATTLE WITH A CONCERTED ATTACK THAT SWEEPS THE THREE ARMED NAZIS OFF THEIR FEET!
DUCK!
HEY, TUBBY! GET YOUR OWN NAZI! THIS ONE'S MINE!

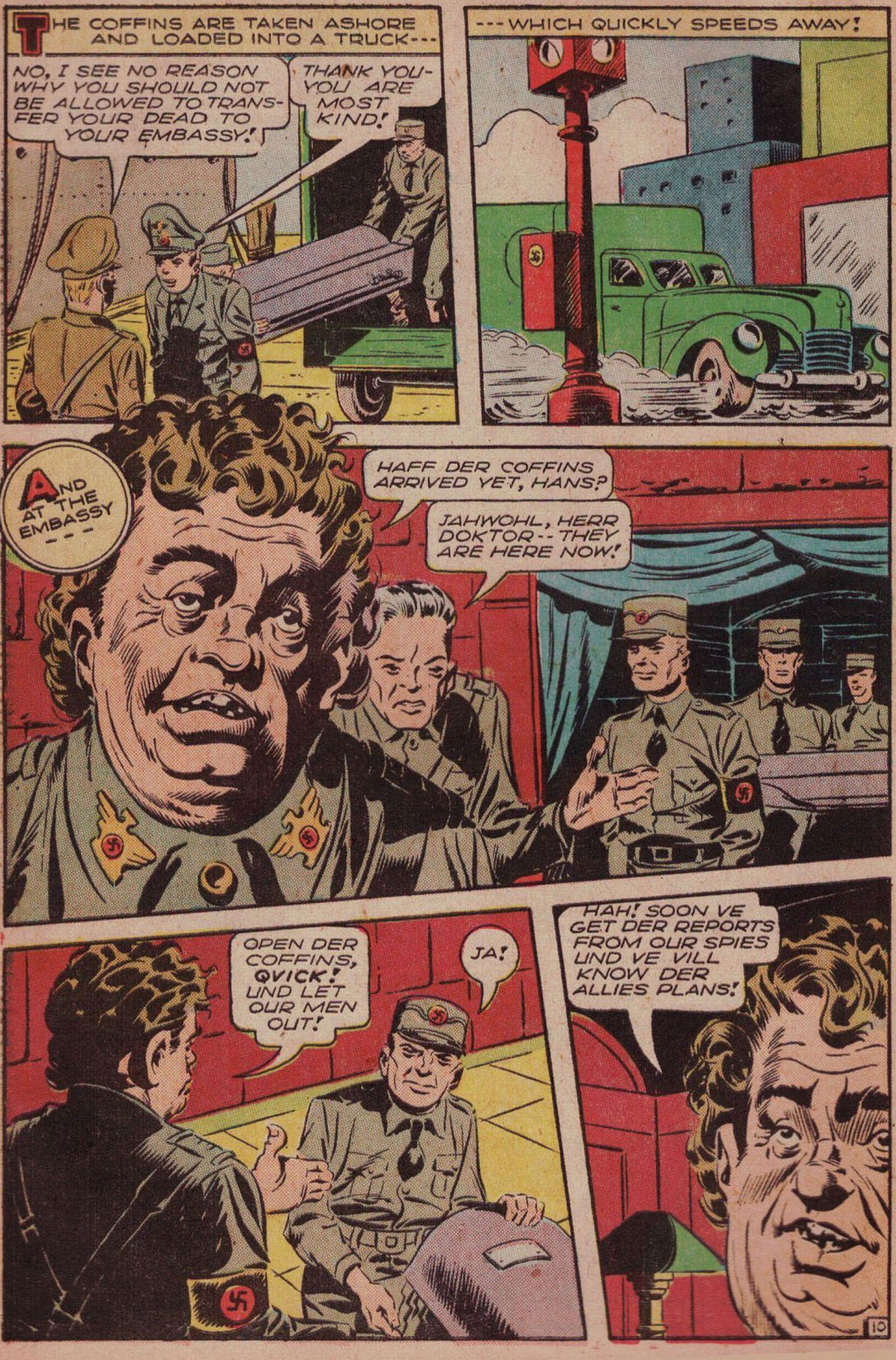

ONE DOWN! AND TWO TO GO!
YOW!
TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO!
THREE DOWN AND NONE TO GO!
UGH! LOOK AT HIM BOUNCE!
THEY HAVEN'T A CHANCE WITH THE TRAIN GOING SEVENTY!
LOOK, THOSE THREE COFFINS ARE EMPTY! BUT THE FOURTH IS STILL CLOSED--- LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN IT!
DOAN GO MESSIN' AROUND WID DAT ONE! AIN'T YOU GOT NO RESPECT FO' DE DEAD?
BUCKY AND TORO QUICKLY RIP OPEN THE REMAINING COFFIN!
WHAT THE?? IT'S LINED WITH CANS OF FOOD AND DRINK!
YOW! I GET IT! THOSE THREE ARE THE ESCAPED GERMANS WE HEARD ABOUT ON THE RADIO, AND THEIR PLAN WAS TO GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY IN THE COFFINS AND BACK TO GERMANY THIS WAY!
LET'S STOP THE TRAIN AND TELL THE AUTHORITIES!
WAIT! I HAVE A BETTER IDEA! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THOSE NAZIS IN THESE COFFINS!
THE OTHER ALLIES QUICKLY FALL IN WITH BUCKY'S SCHEME!
WOW! WHAT A PIP OF AN IDEA!
SUPER-DUPER SPIES! THAT'S US!
BERLIN! HERE WE COME!

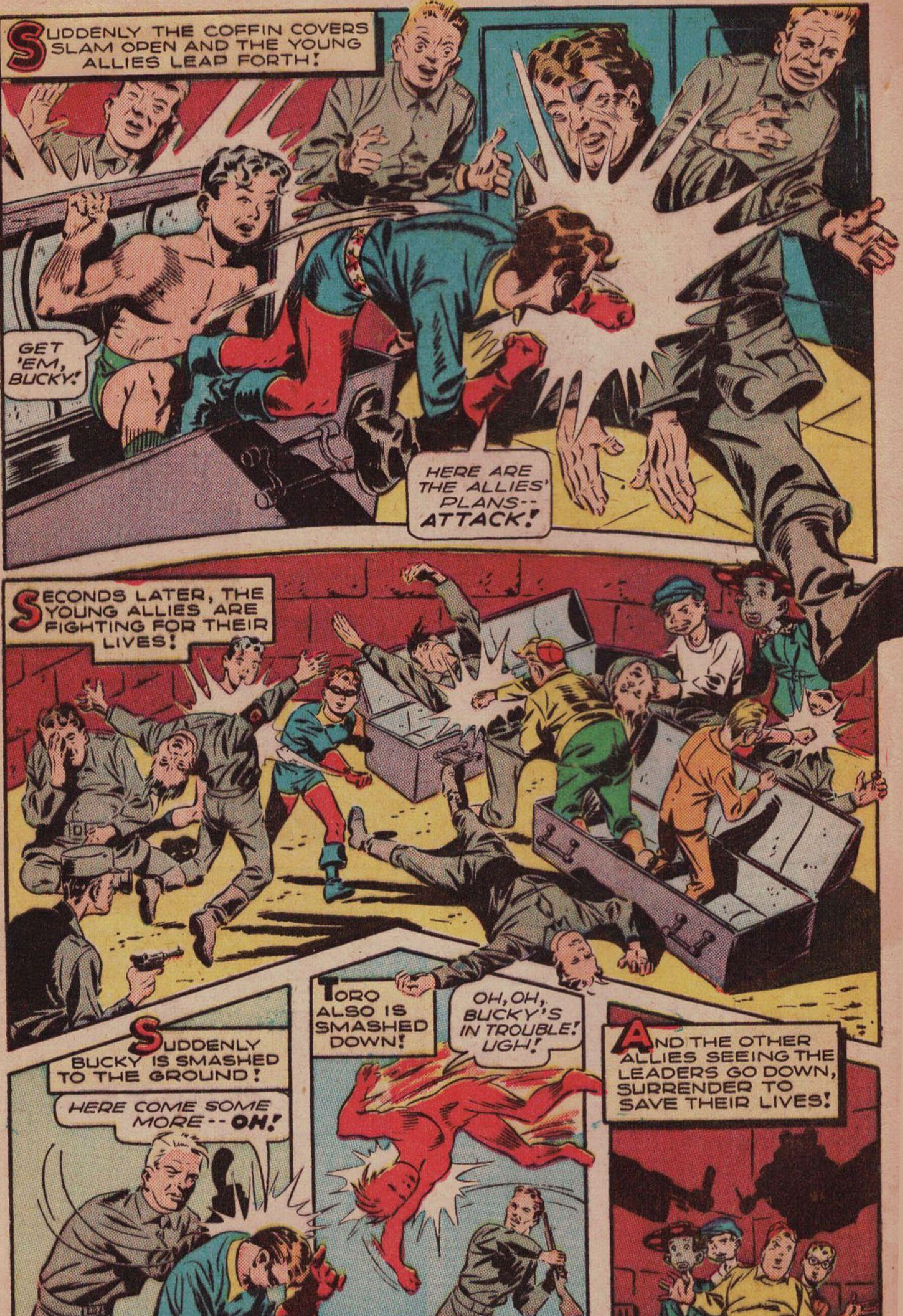

The YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER II
"INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH!"

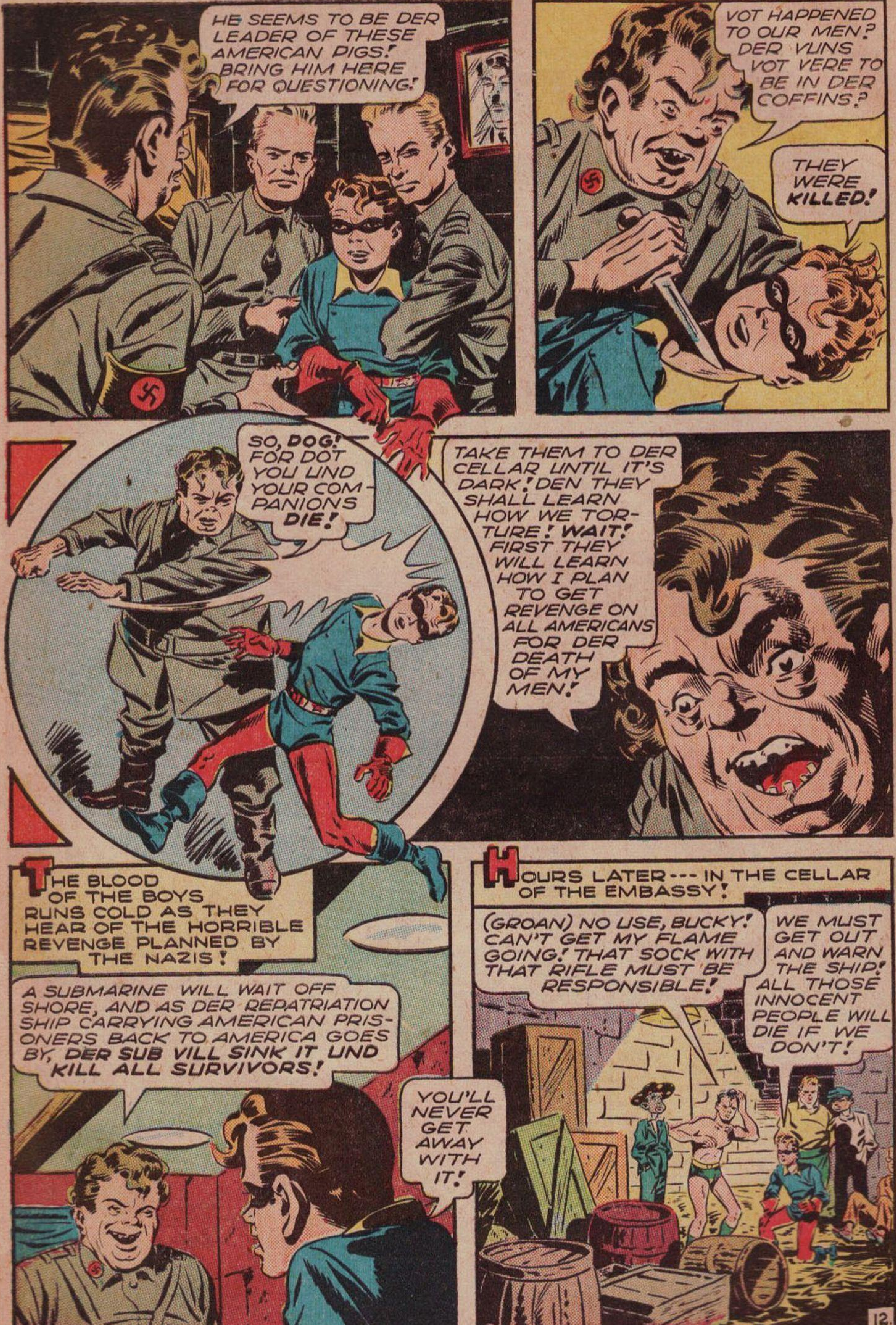
CROWDING TWO INTO THE THREE EMPTY COFFINS, **THE YOUNG ALLIES** ARE TRANSPORTED TO THE AMERICAN REPATRIATION SHIP BEARING THE RETURNING GERMANS TO A NEUTRAL PORT IN EUROPE WHERE THEY ARE EXCHANGED FOR FREED AMERICANS!


AFTER DAYS AT SEA, BUCKY BRINGS THE YOUNG ALLIES WELCOME NEWS!
HURRY, YOU GUYS! I JUST HEARD THEM SAY THEY WERE TAKING OFF THE DEAD NAZIS FIRST! INTO YOUR COFFINS!

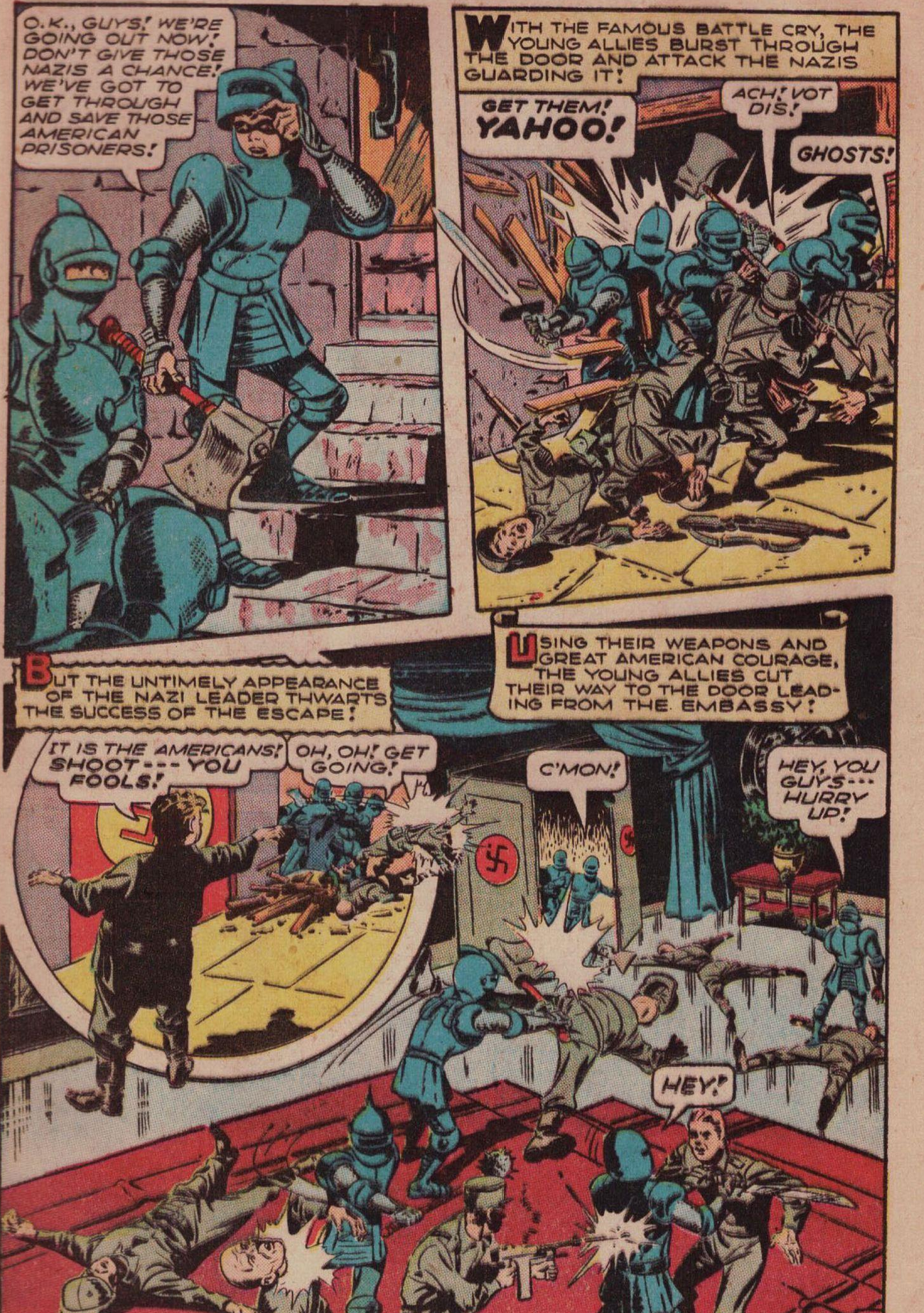

OOF! HEY! OUCH!
CRIMINY! WHY DID I GET YOU FOR MY PARTNER? GIVE ME SOME ROOM SO I CAN GET THIS CLOSED!

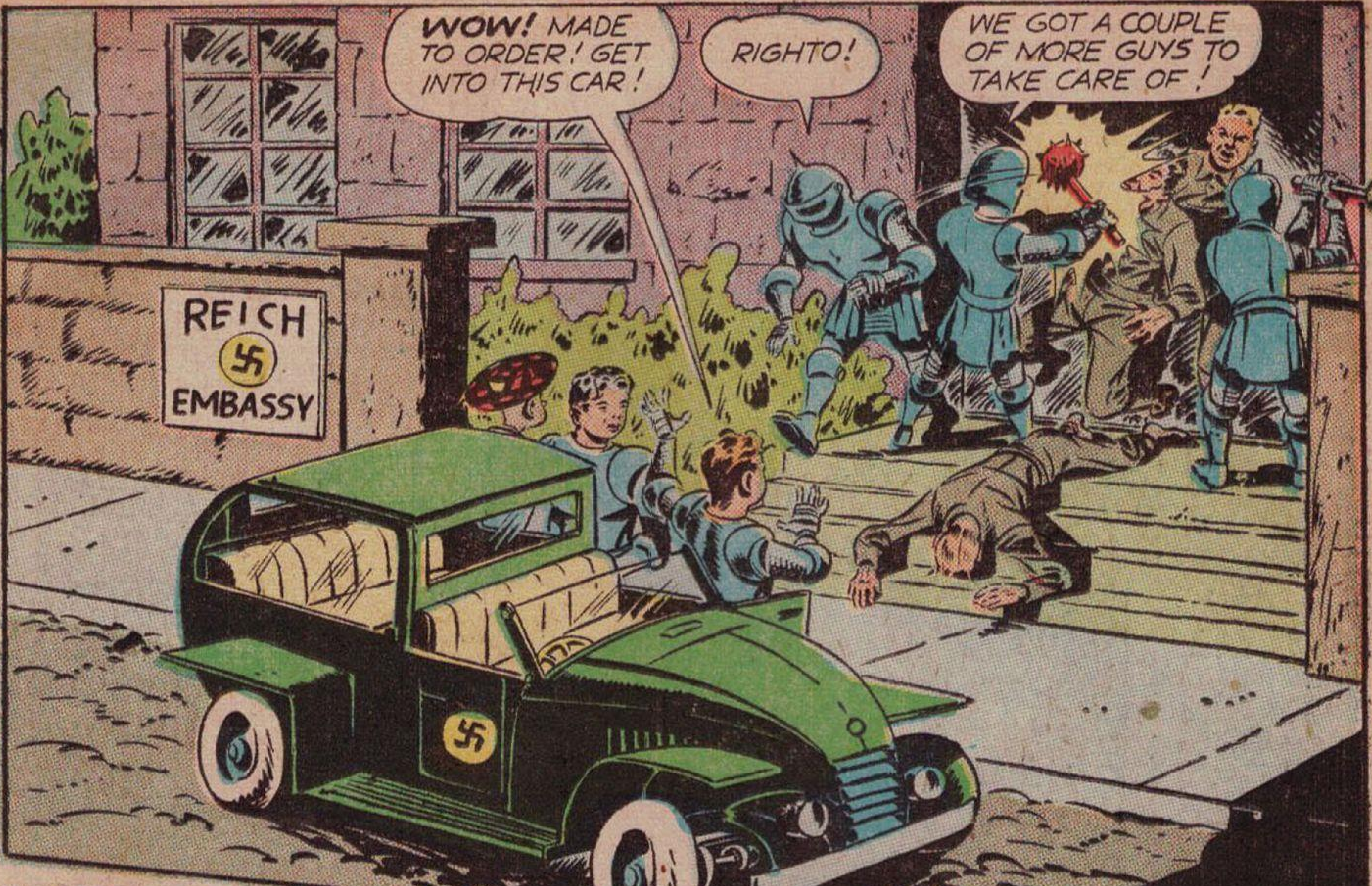

THE COFFINS ARE TAKEN ASHORE AND LOADED INTO A TRUCK---
NO, I SEE NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO TRANSFER YOUR DEAD TO YOUR EMBASSY!
THANK YOU-- YOU ARE MOST KIND!
---WHICH QUICKLY SPEEDS AWAY!
AND AT THE EMBASSY ---
HAFF DER COFFINS ARRIVED YET, HANS?
JAHWOHL, HERR DOKTOR-- THEY ARE HERE NOW!
OPEN DER COFFINS, QVICK! UND LET OUR MEN OUT!
JA!
HAH! SOON VE GET DER REPORTS FROM OUR SPIES UND VE VILL KNOW DER ALLIES PLANS!
10

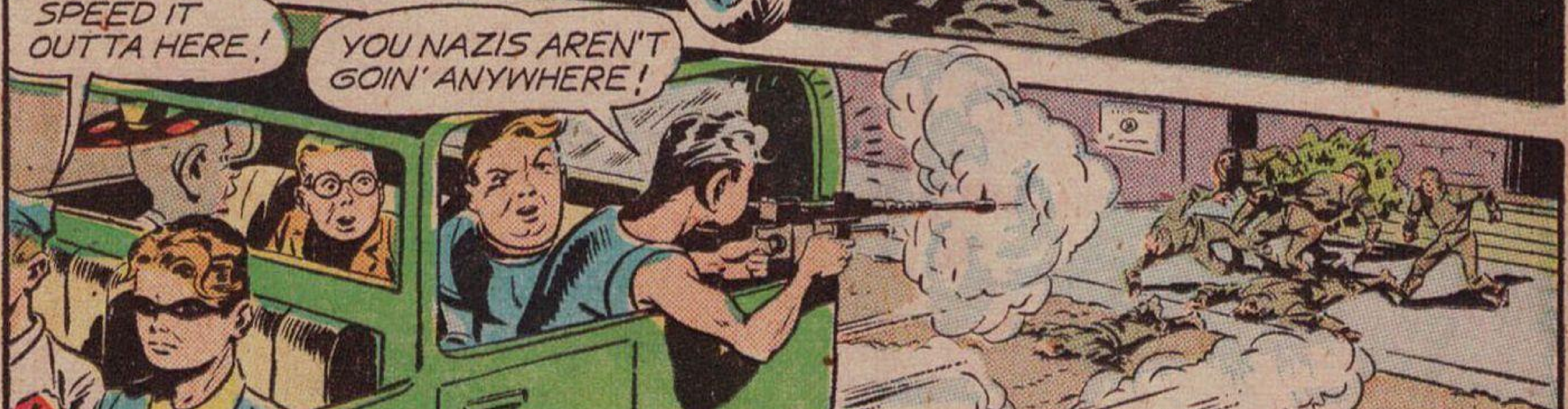

SUDDENLY THE COFFIN COVERS SLAM OPEN AND THE YOUNG ALLIES LEAP FORTH!
GET 'EM, BUCKY!
HERE ARE THE ALLIES' PLANS-- ATTACK!
SECONDS LATER, THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES!
SUDDENLY BUCKY IS SMASHED TO THE GROUND!
HERE COME SOME MORE--OH!
TORO ALSO IS SMASHED DOWN!
OH, OH, BUCKY'S IN TROUBLE! UGH!
AND THE OTHER ALLIES SEEING THE LEADERS GO DOWN, SURRENDER TO SAVE THEIR LIVES!

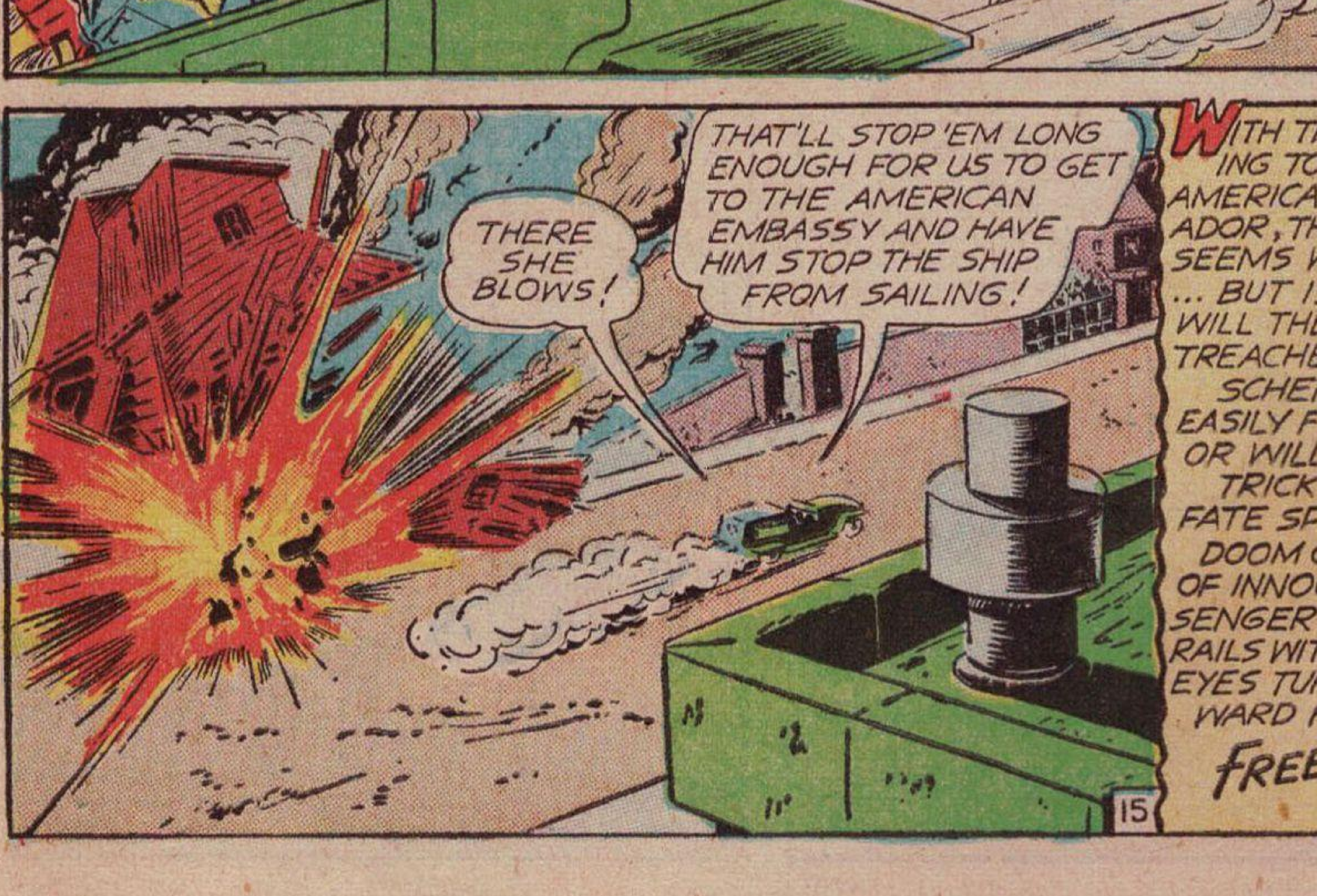

HE SEEMS TO BE DER LEADER OF THESE AMERICAN PIGS! BRING HIM HERE FOR QUESTIONING!
VOT HAPPENED TO OUR MEN? DER VUNS VOT VERE TO BE IN DER COFFINS?
THEY WERE **KILLED!**
SO, **DOG!** FOR DOT YOU UND YOUR COMPANIONS **DIE!**
TAKE THEM TO DER CELLAR UNTIL IT'S DARK! DEN THEY SHALL LEARN HOW WE TORTURE! **WAIT!** FIRST THEY WILL LEARN HOW I PLAN TO GET REVENGE ON ALL AMERICANS FOR DER DEATH OF MY MEN!
THE BLOOD OF THE BOYS RUNS COLD AS THEY HEAR OF THE HORRIBLE REVENGE PLANNED BY THE NAZIS!
A SUBMARINE WILL WAIT OFF SHORE, AND AS DER REPATRIATION SHIP CARRYING AMERICAN PRISONERS BACK TO AMERICA GOES BY, **DER SUB VILL SINK IT UND KILL ALL SURVIVORS!**
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!
HOURS LATER --- IN THE CELLAR OF THE EMBASSY!
(GROAN) NO USE, BUCKY! CAN'T GET MY FLAME GOING! THAT SOCK WITH THAT RIFLE MUST BE RESPONSIBLE!
WE MUST GET OUT AND WARN THE SHIP! ALL THOSE INNOCENT PEOPLE WILL DIE IF WE DON'T!

WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT!
HEY, LOOK! A DOOR AND IT'S OPEN!
LET'S FIND OUT WHERE IT LEADS TO!
(GROAN) IT LEADS TO A STOREROOM WID CASES OF AMMUNITION! AND NOT A GUN IN THE PLACE!
LOOK AT THOSE SUITS OF ARMOR IN THE CORNER THERE!
YIPPEE! THAT GIVES ME A SWELL IDEA!
PUT THESE SUITS OF ARMOR ON!
I FEEL LIKE A SARDINE!
THINK IT'LL WORK, BUCKY?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JEFF!
NO SENSE IN WASTING ALL THIS NICE POWDER! I FIGURE THIS ROPE FUSE SHOULD REACH THE POWDER IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES!
WELL, GIVE US TIME TO GET OUTTA HERE FIRST!
I DON'T LIKE DIS!

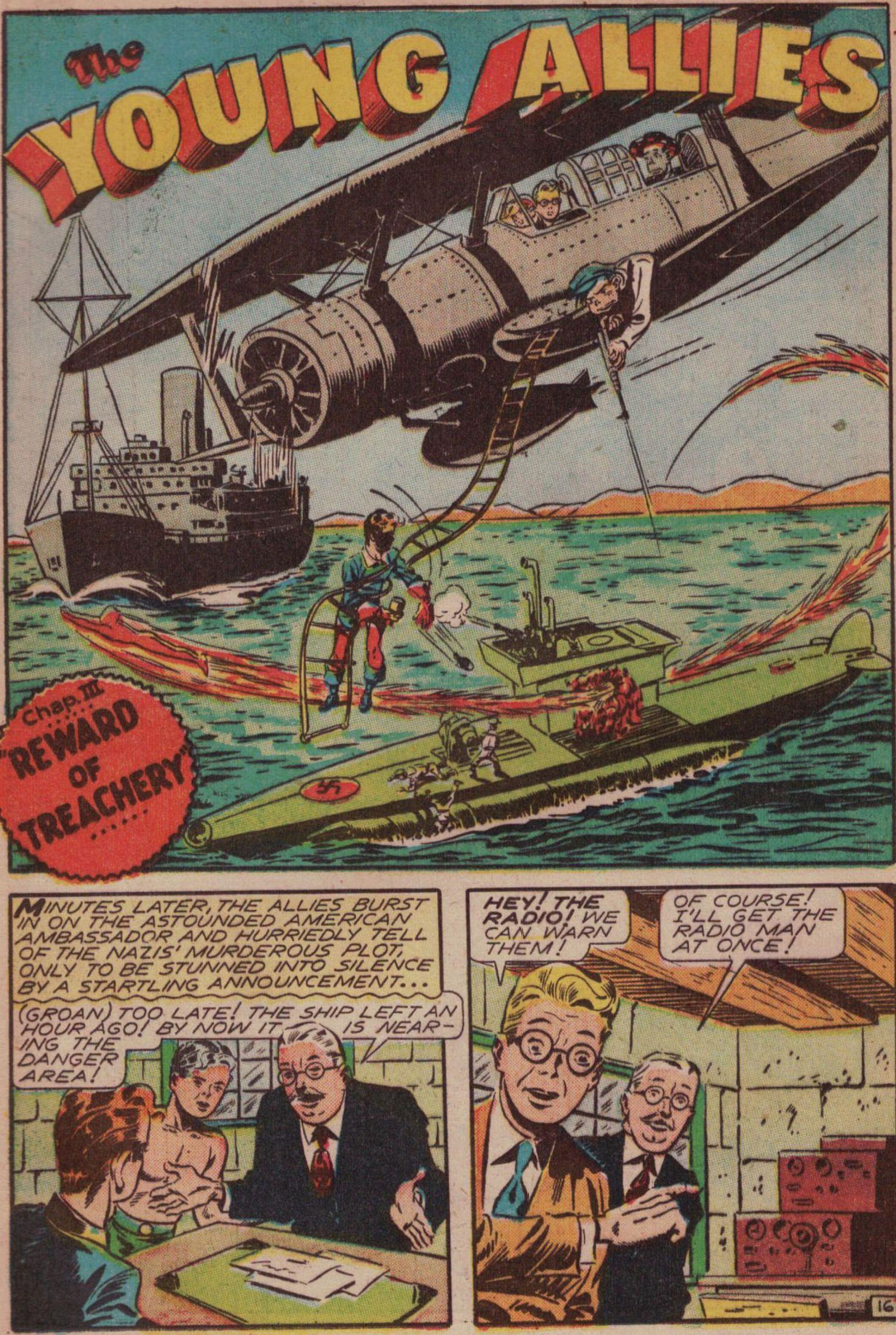

O.K., GUYS! WE'RE GOING OUT NOW! DON'T GIVE THOSE NAZIS A CHANCE! WE'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH AND SAVE THOSE AMERICAN PRISONERS!
WITH THE FAMOUS BATTLE CRY, THE YOUNG ALLIES BURST THROUGH THE DOOR AND ATTACK THE NAZIS GUARDING IT!
GET THEM! YAHOO!
ACH! VOT DIS!
GHOSTS!
BUT THE UNTIMELY APPEARANCE OF THE NAZI LEADER THWARTS THE SUCCESS OF THE ESCAPE!
USING THEIR WEAPONS AND GREAT AMERICAN COURAGE, THE YOUNG ALLIES CUT THEIR WAY TO THE DOOR LEADING FROM THE EMBASSY!
IT IS THE AMERICANS! SHOOT--- YOU FOOLS!
OH, OH! GET GOING!
C'MON!
HEY, YOU GUYS--- HURRY UP!
HEY!

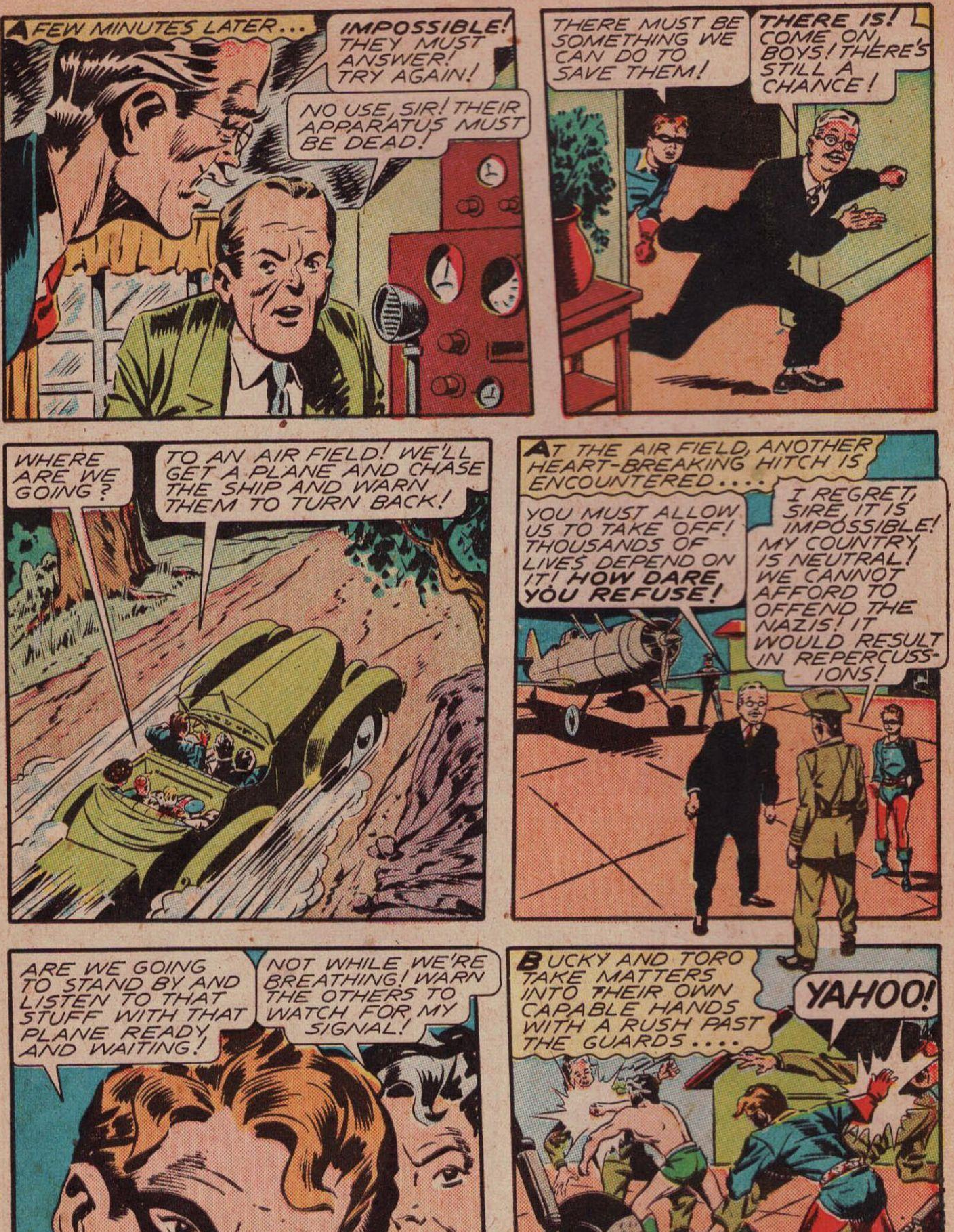

WOW! MADE TO ORDER! GET INTO THIS CAR!
RIGHTO!
WE GOT A COUPLE OF MORE GUYS TO TAKE CARE OF!
REICH
EMBASSY

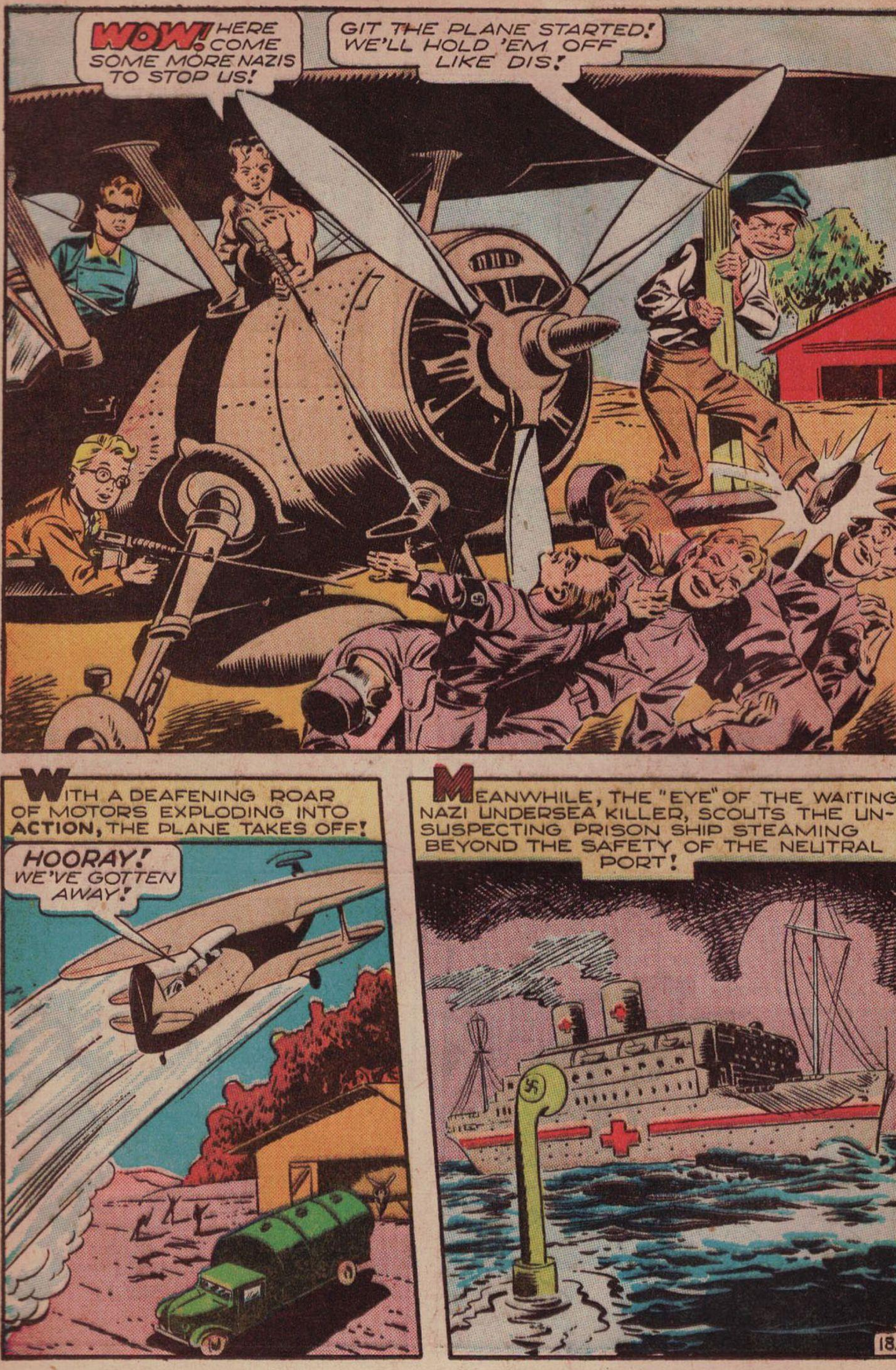

SPEED IT OUTTA HERE!
YOU NAZIS AREN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE!

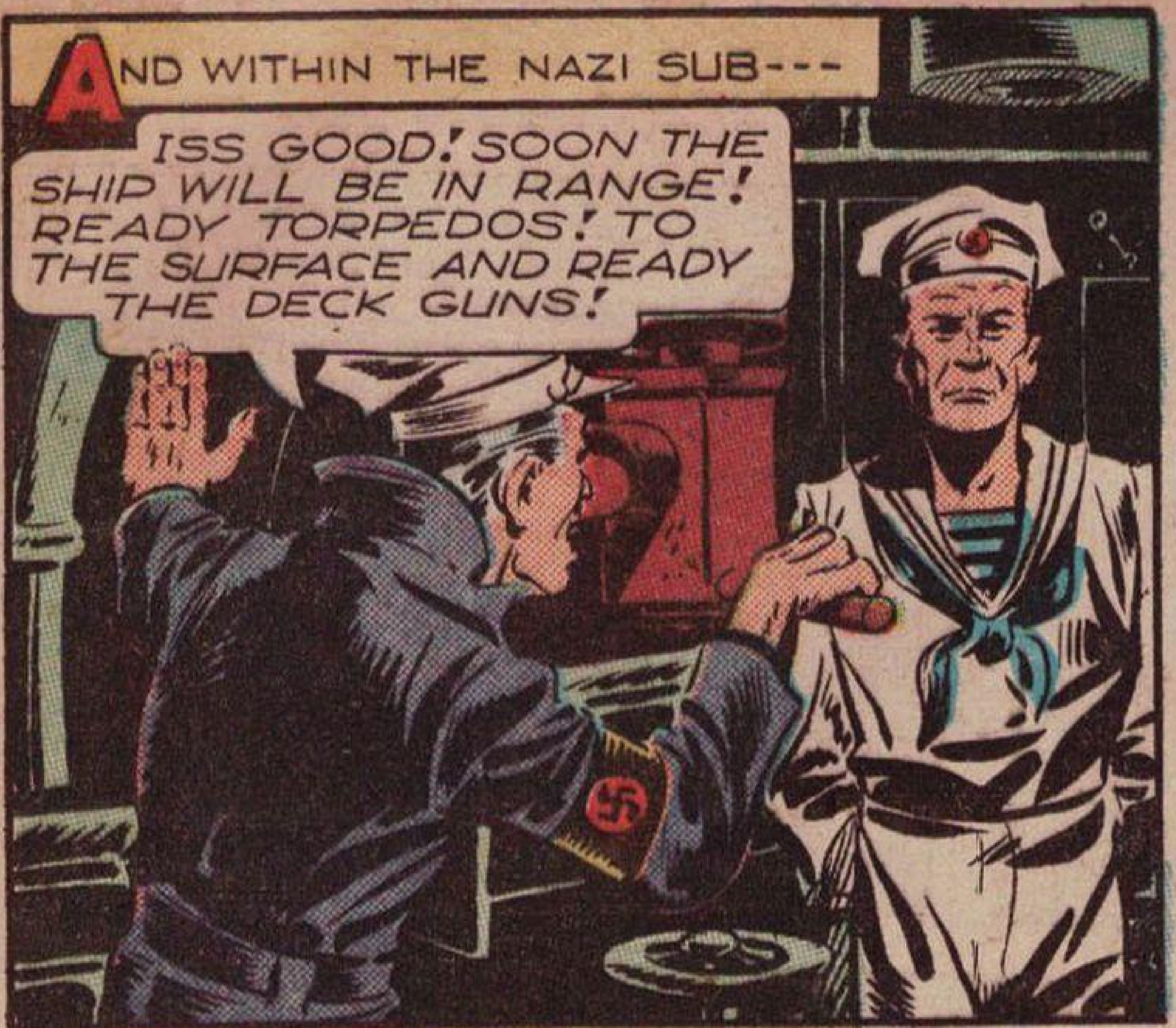

THERE SHE BLOWS!
THAT'LL STOP 'EM LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET TO THE AMERICAN EMBASSY AND HAVE HIM STOP THE SHIP FROM SAILING!

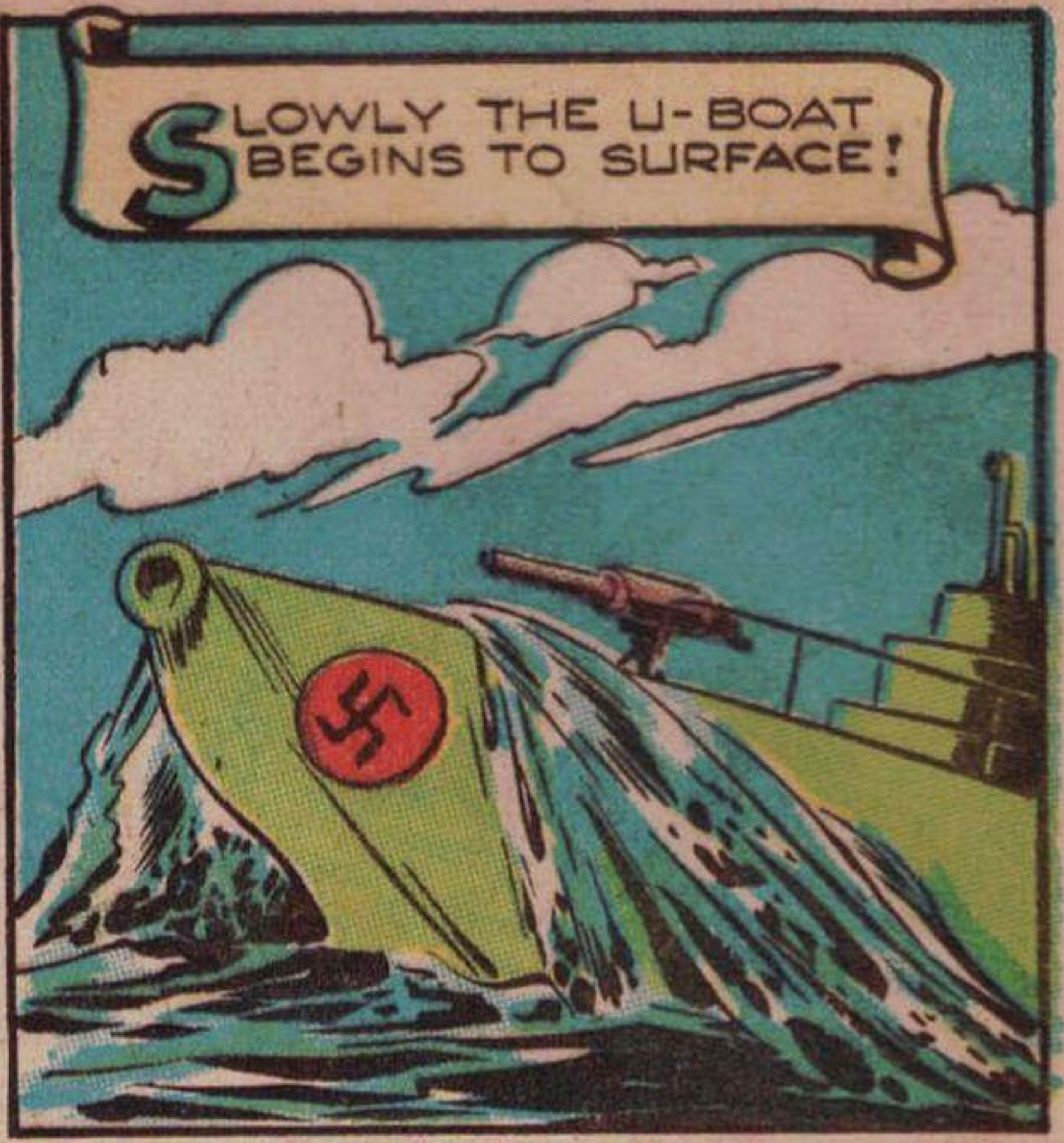
WITH THE BOYS RACING TO WARN THE AMERICAN EMBASSADOR, THE SITUATION SEEMS WELL IN HAND. ... BUT IS IT ??? WILL THE WILY NAZIS TREACHEROUS SCHEME BE THAT EASILY FRUSTRATED? OR WILL SOME TRICK OF UNKIND FATE SPELL THE DOOM OF THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT PASSENGERS LINING THE RAILS WITH TORTURED EYES TURNED TOWARD HOME AND **FREEDOM?**

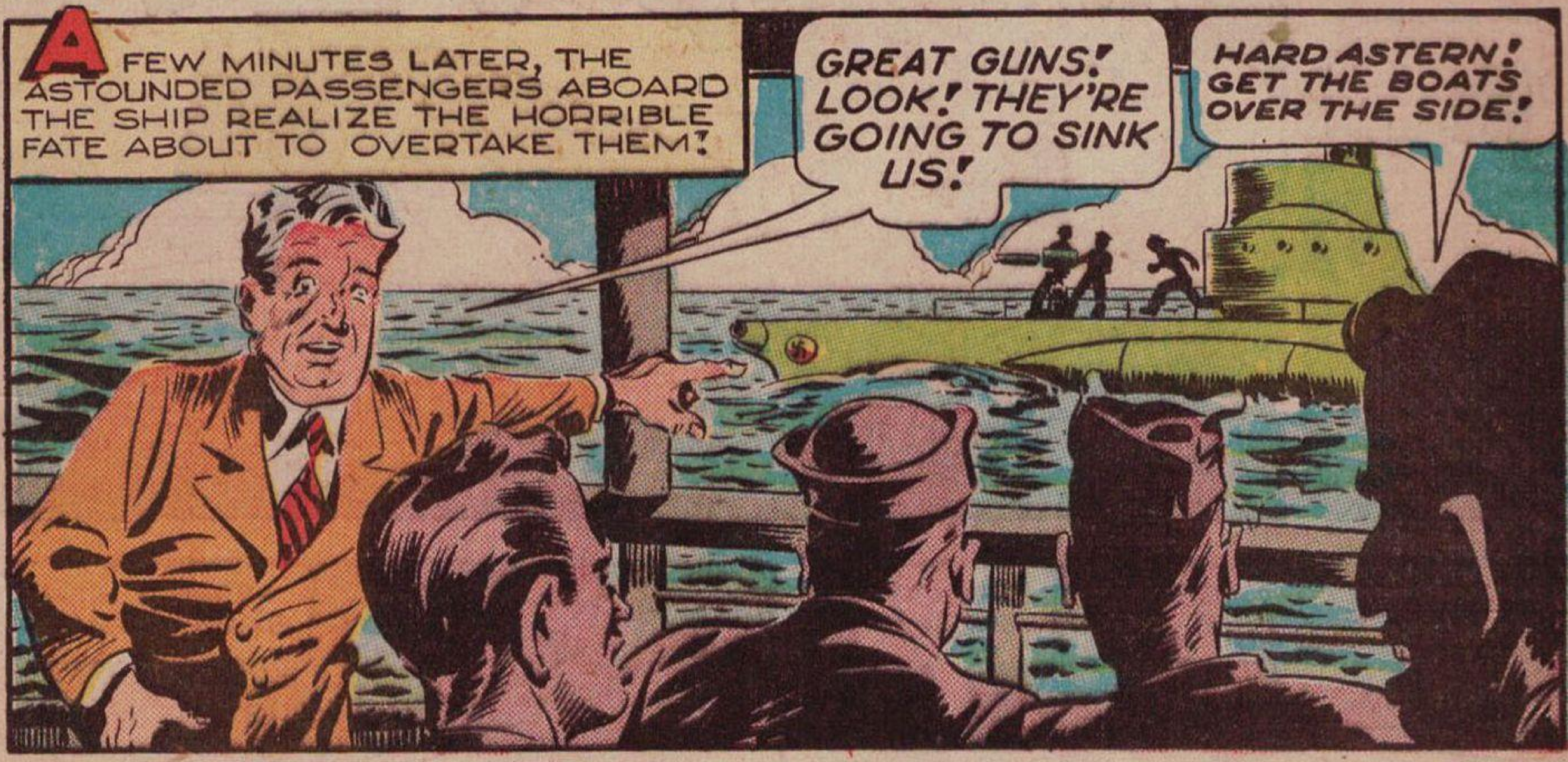

The YOUNG ALLIES
Chap. III "REWARD OF TREACHERY"
MINUTES LATER, THE ALLIES BURST IN ON THE ASTOUNDED AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AND HURRIEDLY TELL OF THE NAZIS' MURDEROUS PLOT, ONLY TO BE STUNNED INTO SILENCE BY A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT...
(GROAN) TOO LATE! THE SHIP LEFT AN HOUR AGO! BY NOW IT IS NEARING THE DANGER AREA!
HEY! THE RADIO! WE CAN WARN THEM!
OF COURSE! I'LL GET THE RADIO MAN AT ONCE!

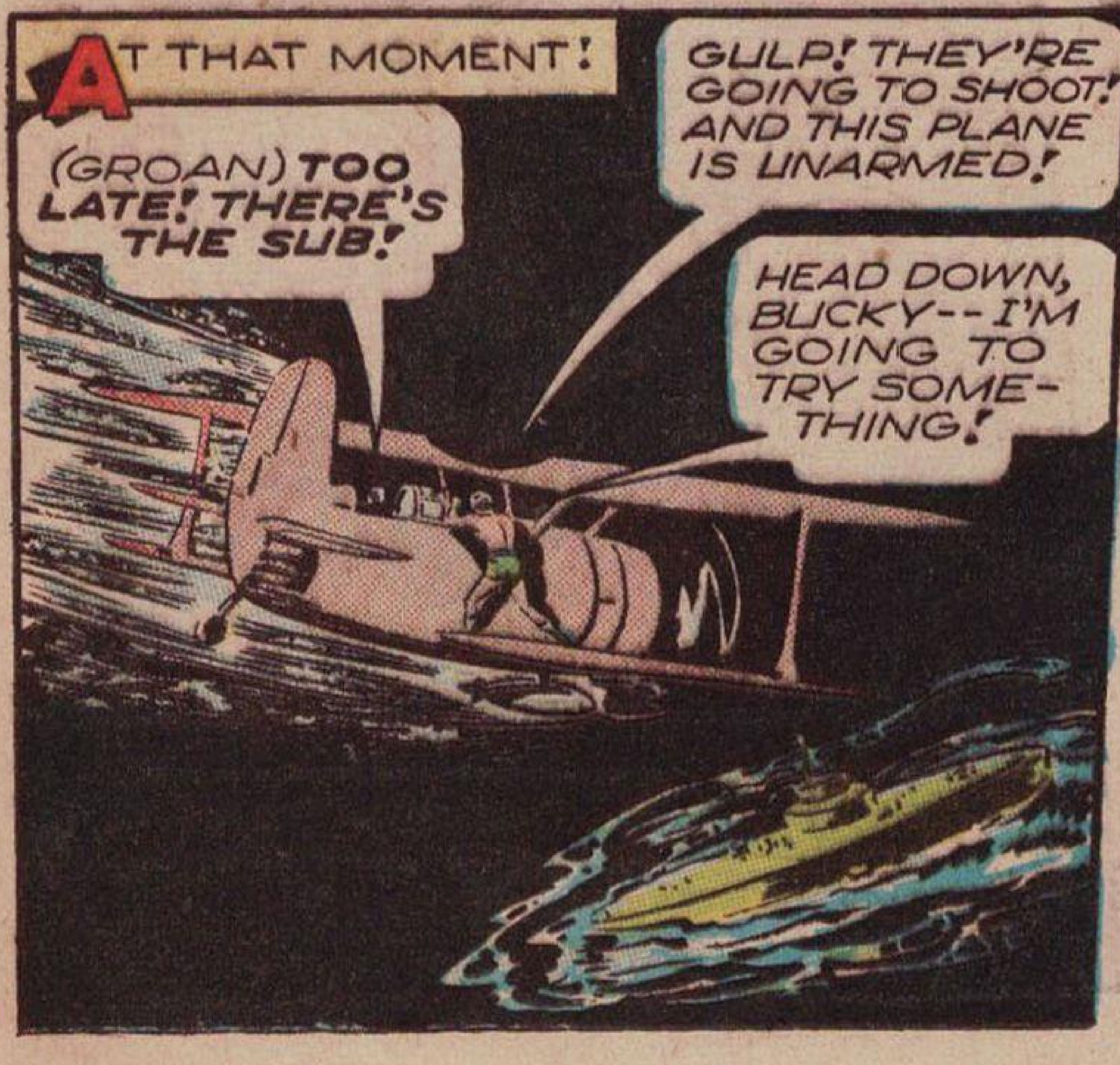

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
IMPOSSIBLE! THEY MUST ANSWER! TRY AGAIN!
NO USE, SIR! THEIR APPARATUS MUST BE DEAD!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO TO SAVE THEM!
THERE IS! COME ON, BOYS! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO AN AIR FIELD! WE'LL GET A PLANE AND CHASE THE SHIP AND WARN THEM TO TURN BACK!
AT THE AIR FIELD, ANOTHER HEART-BREAKING HITCH IS ENCOUNTERED....
YOU MUST ALLOW US TO TAKE OFF! THOUSANDS OF LIVES DEPEND ON IT! HOW DARE YOU REFUSE!
I REGRET, SIRE, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! MY COUNTRY IS NEUTRAL! WE CANNOT AFFORD TO OFFEND THE NAZIS! IT WOULD RESULT IN REPERCUSSIONS!
ARE WE GOING TO STAND BY AND LISTEN TO THAT STUFF WITH THAT PLANE READY AND WAITING!
NOT WHILE WE'RE BREATHING! WARN THE OTHERS TO WATCH FOR MY SIGNAL!
BUCKY AND TORO TAKE MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN CAPABLE HANDS WITH A RUSH PAST THE GUARDS....
YAHOO!

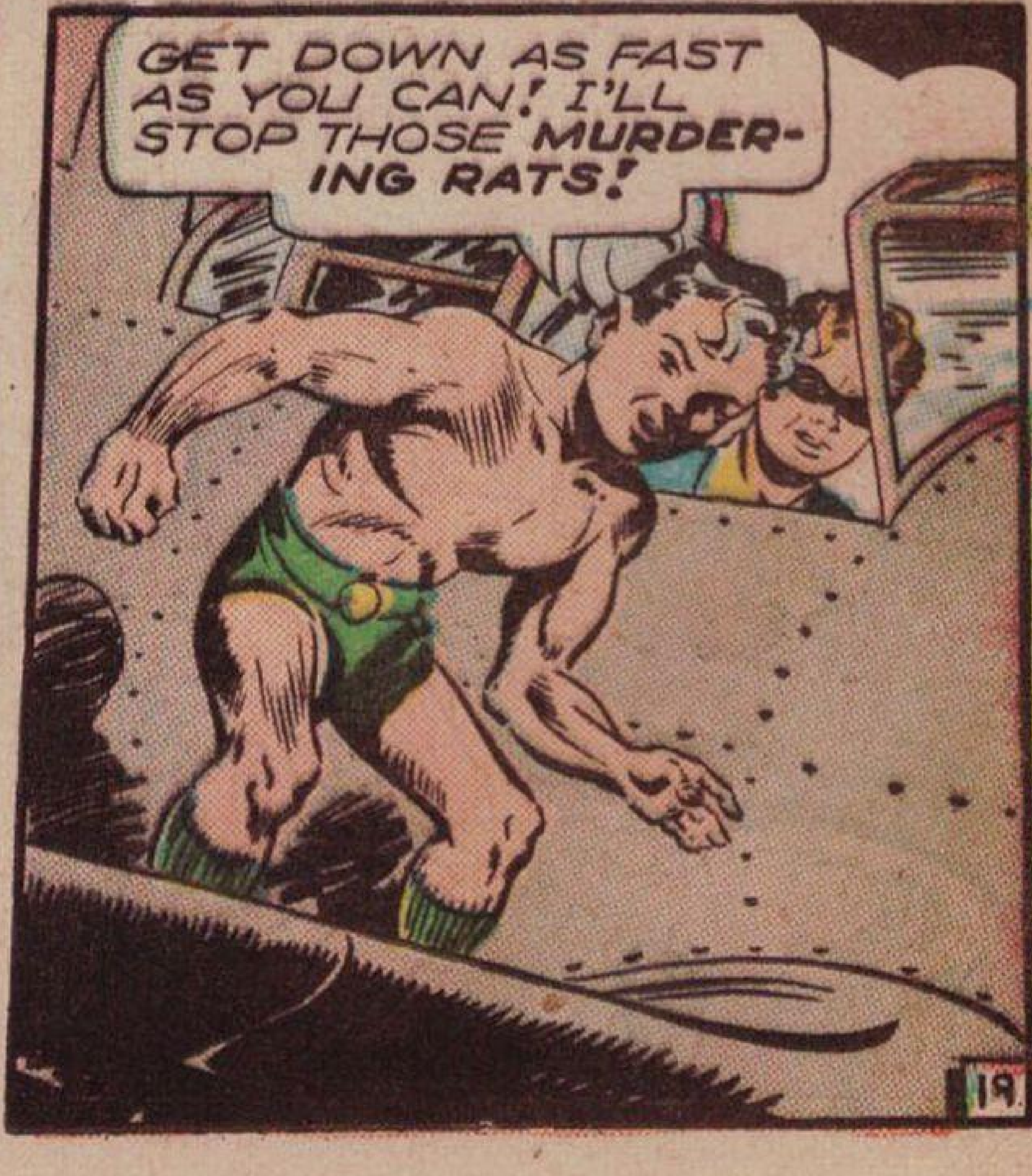

WOW! HERE COME SOME MORE NAZIS TO STOP US!
GIT THE PLANE STARTED! WE'LL HOLD 'EM OFF LIKE DIS!
WITH A DEAFENING ROAR OF MOTORS EXPLODING INTO ACTION, THE PLANE TAKES OFF!
HOORAY! WE'VE GOTTEN AWAY!
MEANWHILE, THE "EYE" OF THE WAITING NAZI UNDERSEA KILLER, SCOUTS THE UNSUSPECTING PRISON SHIP STEAMING BEYOND THE SAFETY OF THE NEUTRAL PORT!

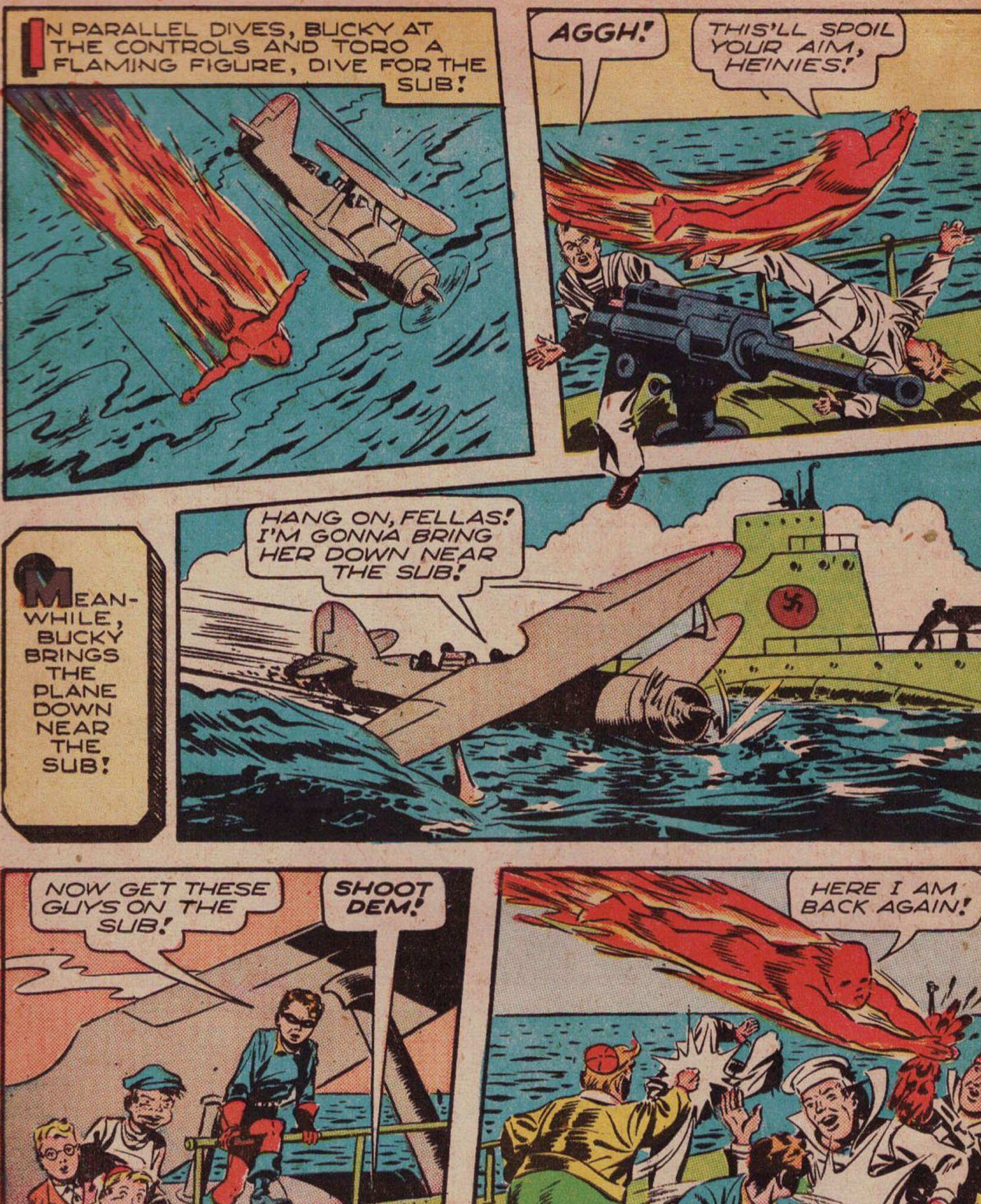

AND WITHIN THE NAZI SUB---
ISS GOOD! SOON THE SHIP WILL BE IN RANGE! READY TORPEDOS! TO THE SURFACE AND READY THE DECK GUNS!

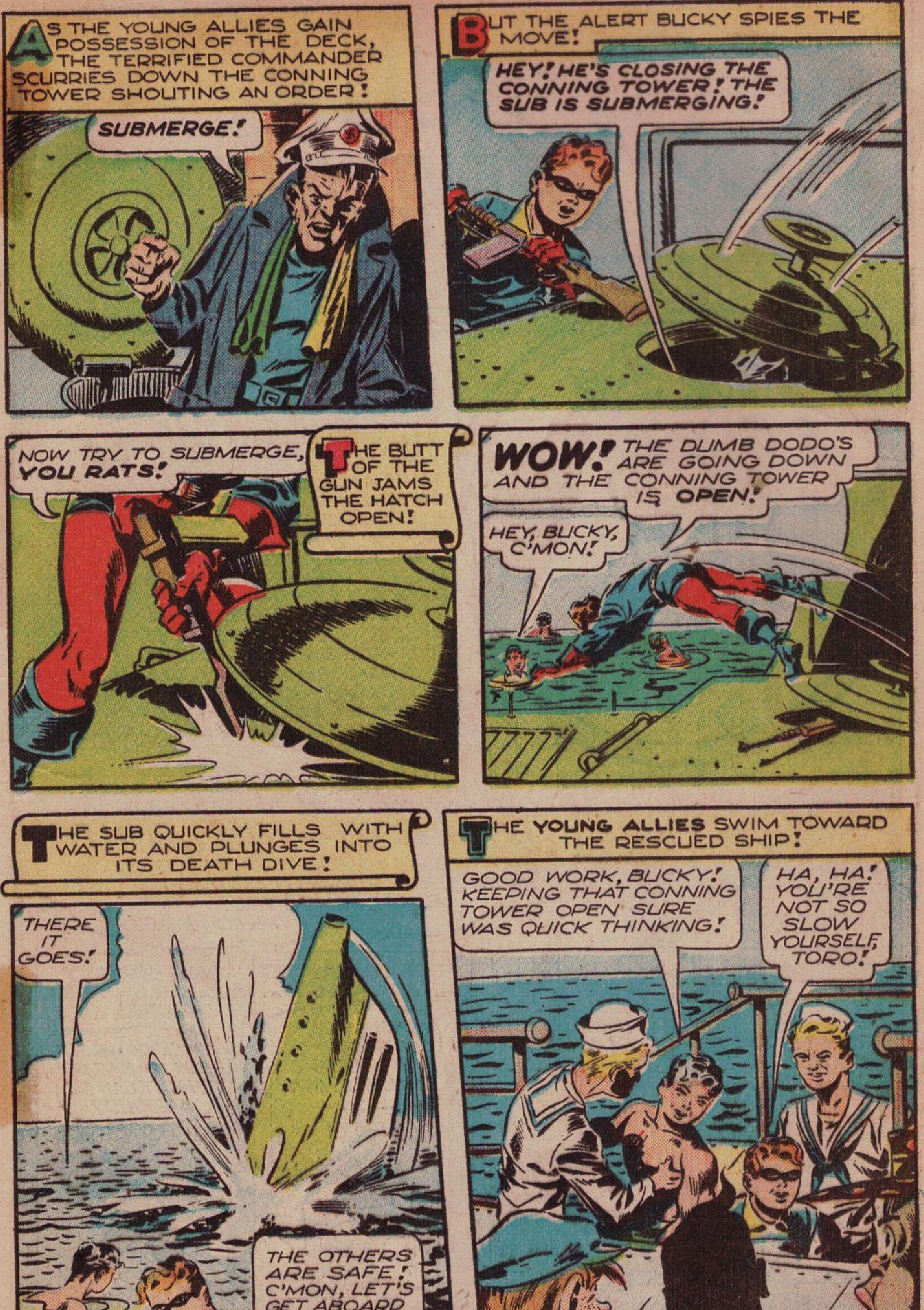

SLOWLY THE U-BOAT BEGINS TO SURFACE!


A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE ASTOUNDED PASSENGERS ABOARD THE SHIP REALIZE THE HORRIBLE FATE ABOUT TO OVERTAKE THEM!
GREAT GUNS! LOOK! THEY'RE GOING TO SINK US!
HARD ASTERN! GET THE BOATS OVER THE SIDE!


AT THAT MOMENT!
(GROAN) TOO LATE! THERE'S THE SUB!
GULP! THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT! AND THIS PLANE IS UNARMED!
HEAD DOWN, BUCKY-- I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING!


GET DOWN AS FAST AS YOU CAN! I'LL STOP THOSE MURDERING RATS!

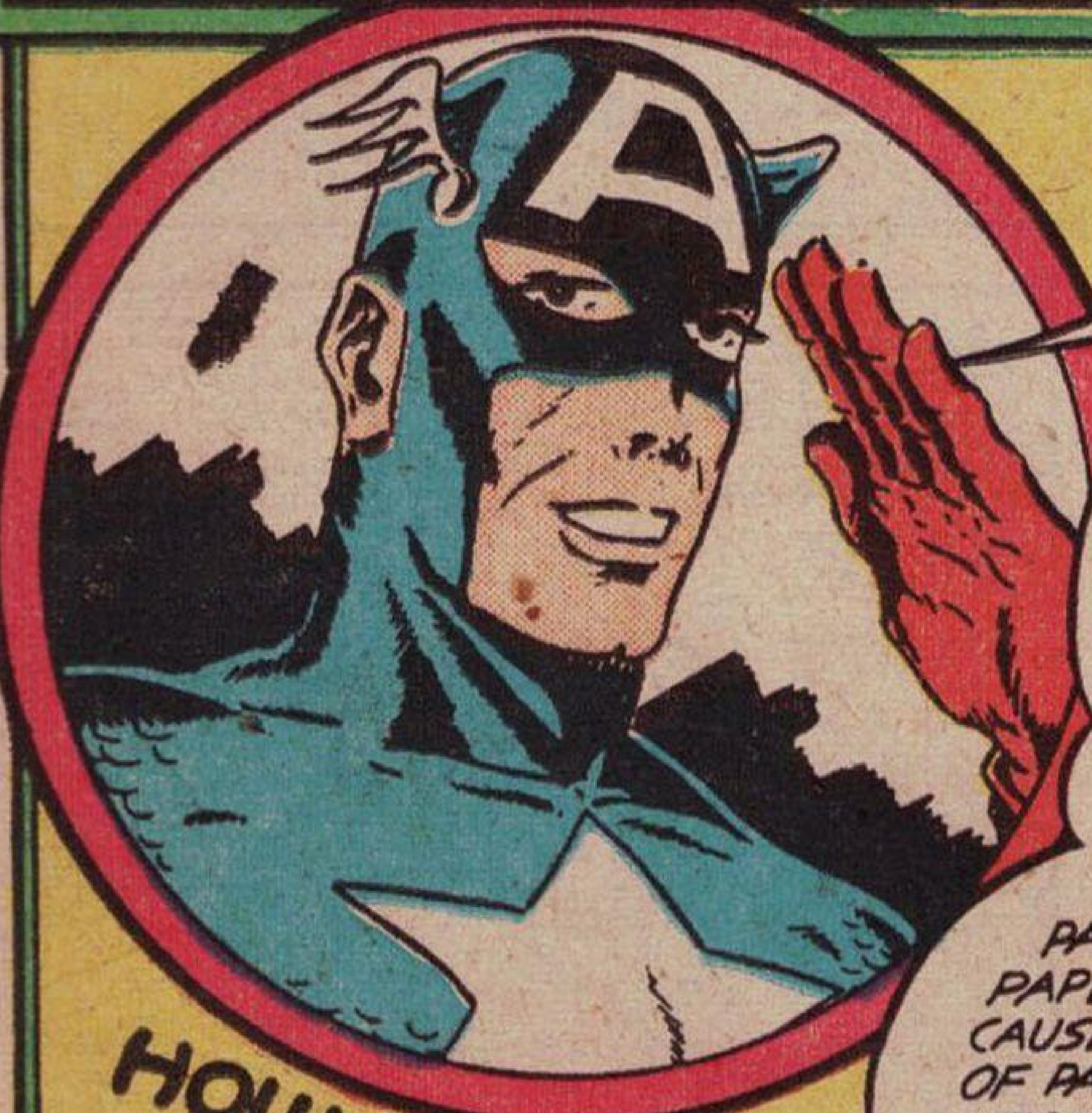

IN PARALLEL DIVES, BUCKY AT THE CONTROLS AND TORO A FLAMING FIGURE, DIVE FOR THE SUB!
AGGH!
THIS'LL SPOIL YOUR AIM, HEINIES!
MEANWHILE, BUCKY BRINGS THE PLANE DOWN NEAR THE SUB!
HANG ON, FELLAS! I'M GONNA BRING HER DOWN NEAR THE SUB!
NOW GET THESE GUYS ON THE SUB!
SHOOT DEM!
HERE I AM BACK AGAIN!


AS THE YOUNG ALLIES GAIN POSSESSION OF THE DECK, THE TERRIFIED COMMANDER SCURRIES DOWN THE CONNING TOWER SHOUTING AN ORDER!
SUBMERGE!
BUT THE ALERT BUCKY SPIES THE MOVE!
HEY! HE'S CLOSING THE CONNING TOWER! THE SUB IS SUBMERGING!
NOW TRY TO SUBMERGE, YOU RATS!
THE BUTT OF THE GUN JAMS THE HATCH OPEN!
WOW! THE DUMB DODO'S ARE GOING DOWN AND THE CONNING TOWER IS OPEN!
HEY, BUCKY, C'MON!
THE SUB QUICKLY FILLS WITH WATER AND PLUNGES INTO ITS DEATH DIVE!
THERE IT GOES!
THE OTHERS ARE SAFE! C'MON, LET'S GET ABOARD TOO!
THE YOUNG ALLIES SWIM TOWARD THE RESCUED SHIP!
GOOD WORK, BUCKY! KEEPING THAT CONNING TOWER OPEN SURE WAS QUICK THINKING!
HA, HA! YOU'RE NOT SO SLOW YOURSELF, TORO!
THE END

URGENT!

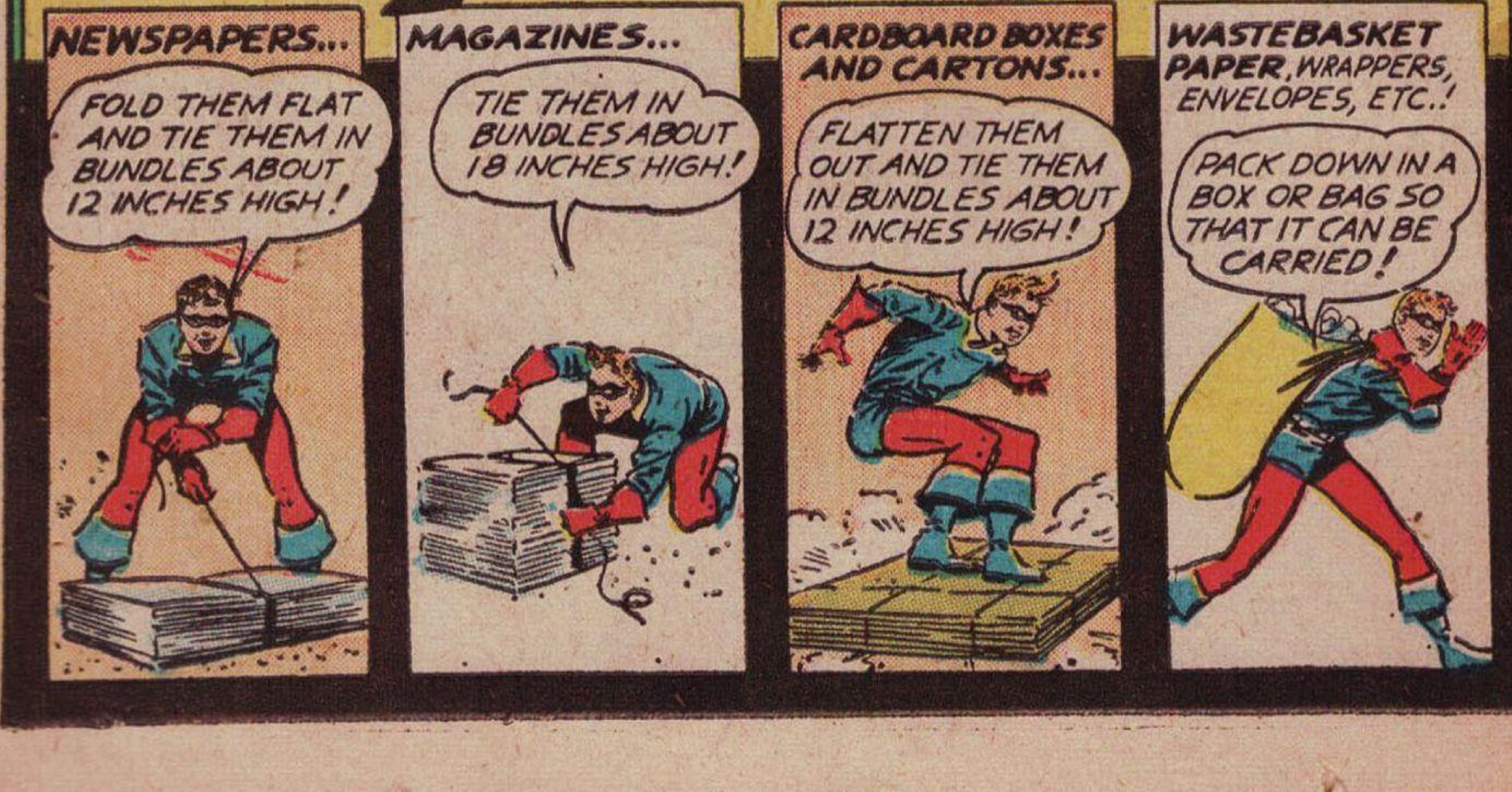
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!

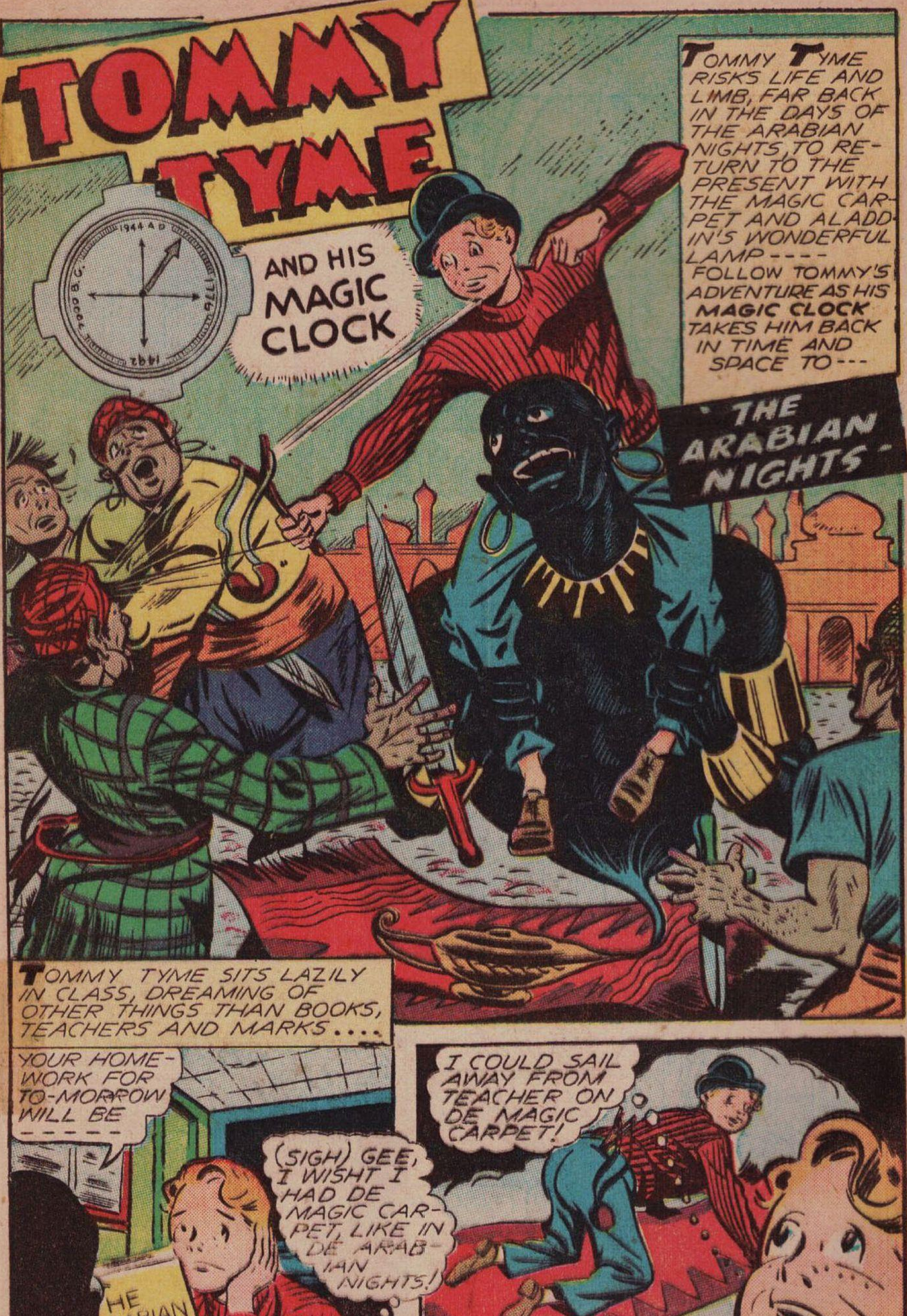
A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!

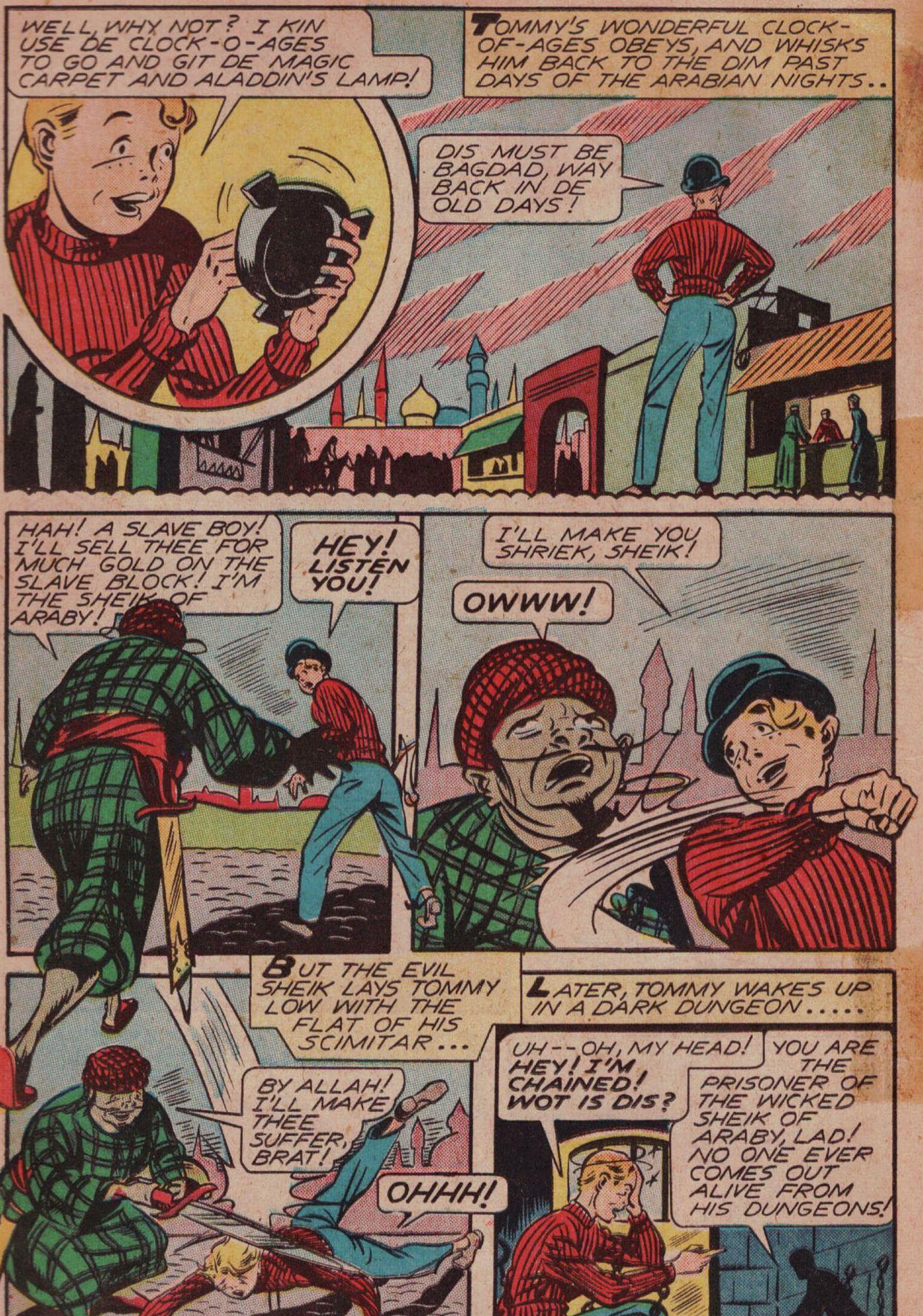

HELLO, KIDS!
YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY **JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!**
GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWSPAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER!
PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON! EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE **NEW** PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE **OLD!** TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT...
DO IT NOW ... THIS MINUTE!
BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE!
THANKS, KIDS!

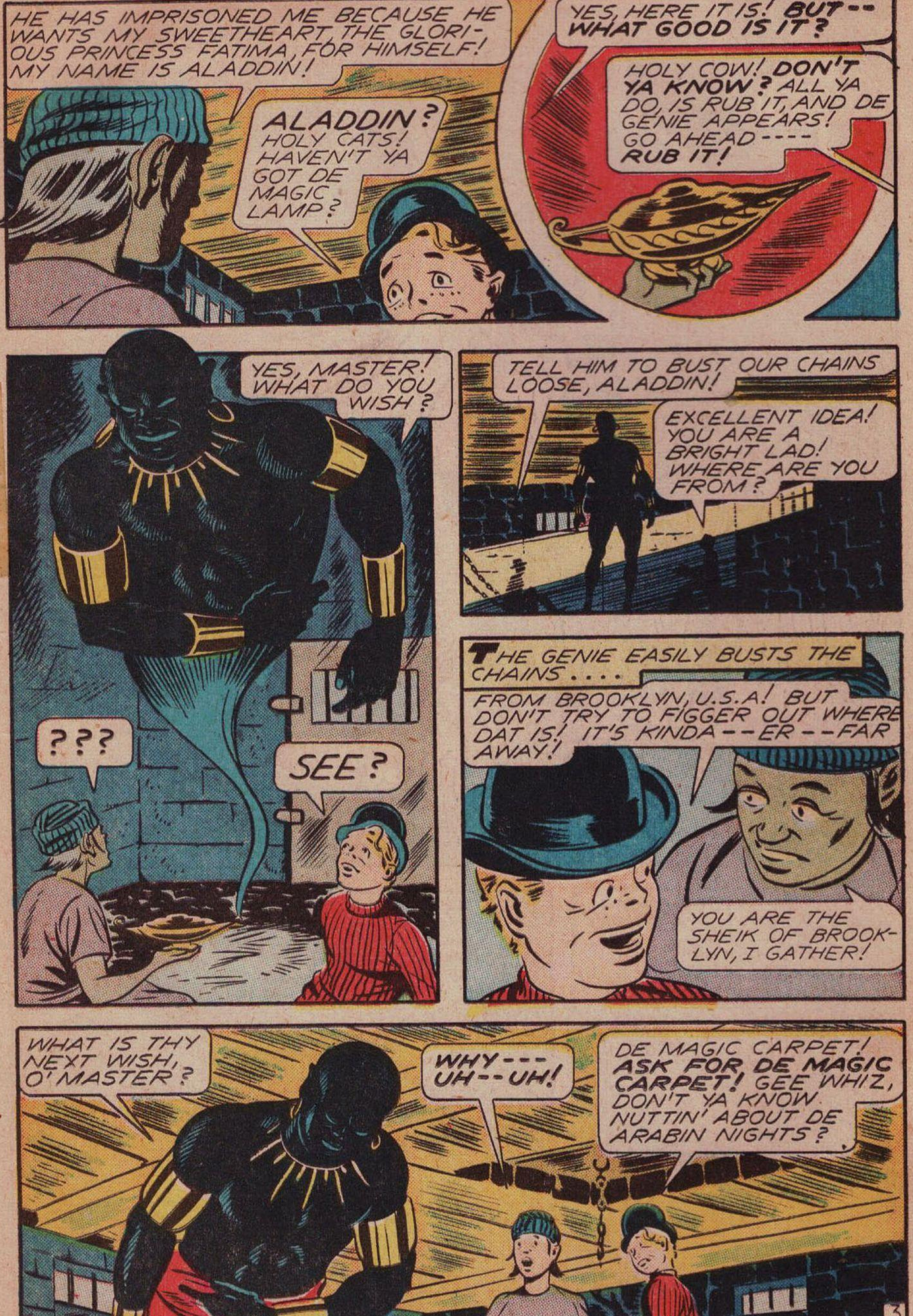
HOW TO SAVE YOUR PAPER

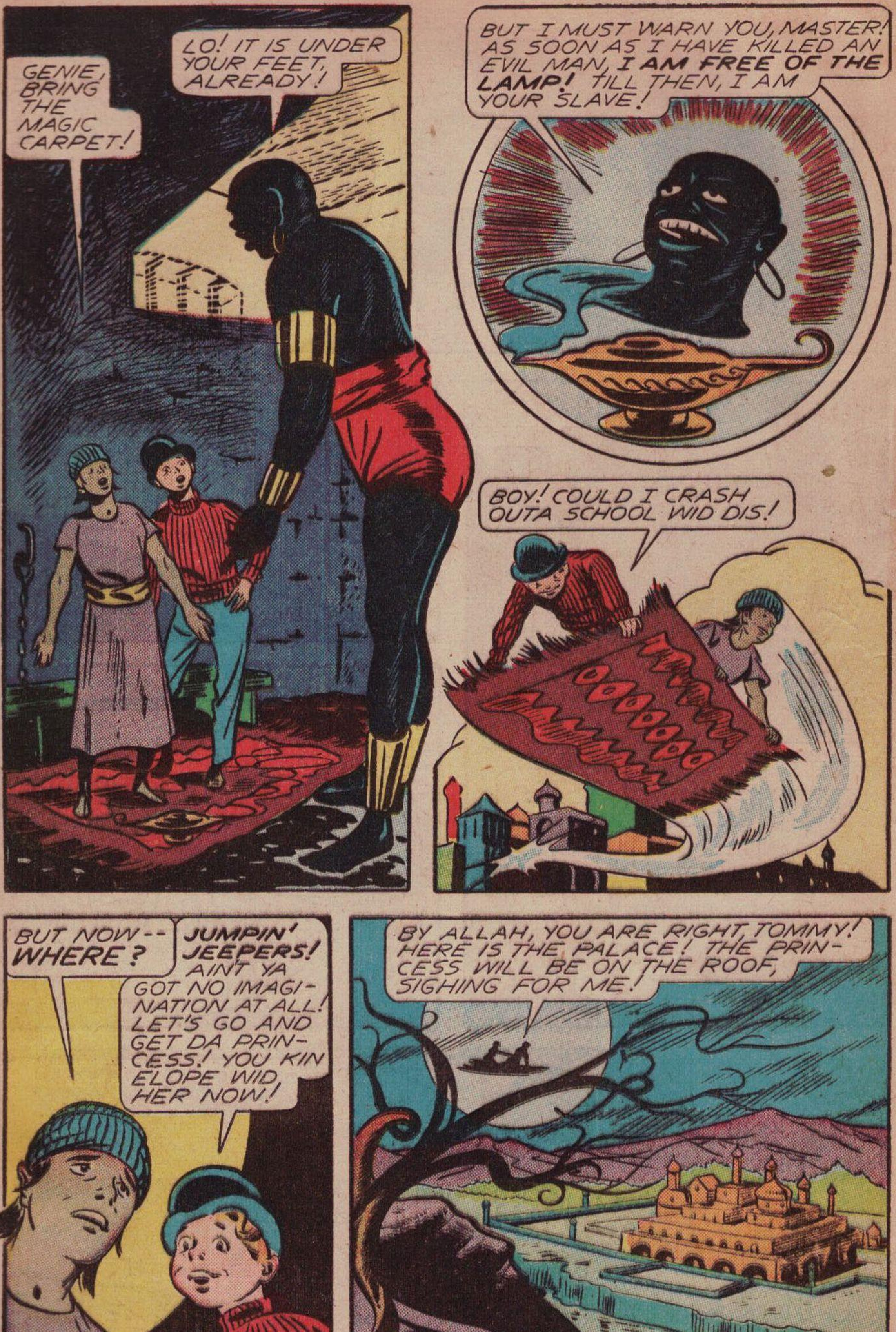
FOR EASY HANDLING!

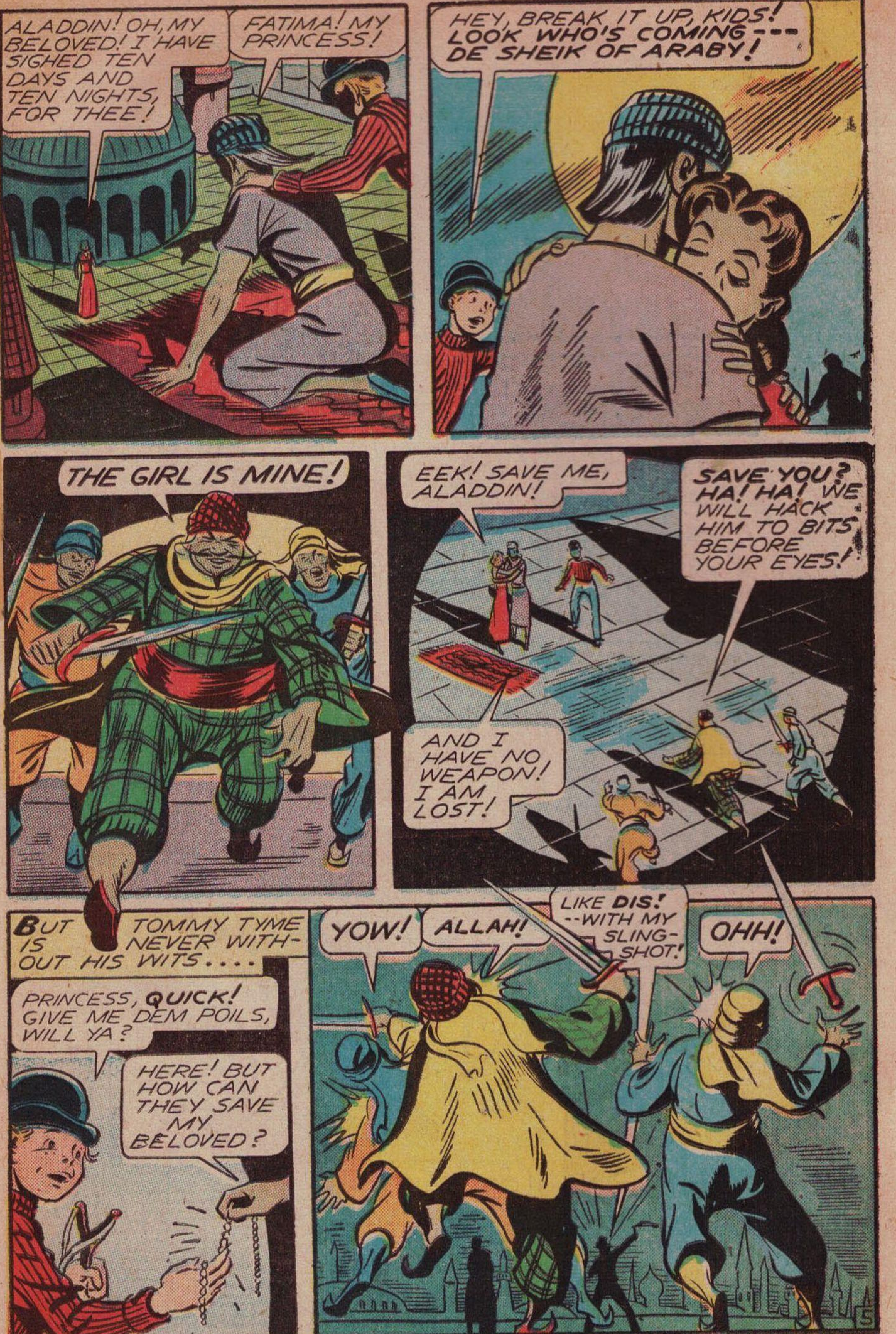

NEWSPAPERS...
FOLD THEM FLAT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
MAGAZINES...
TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 18 INCHES HIGH!
CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...
FLATTEN THEM OUT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.!
PACK DOWN IN A BOX OR BAG SO THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED!

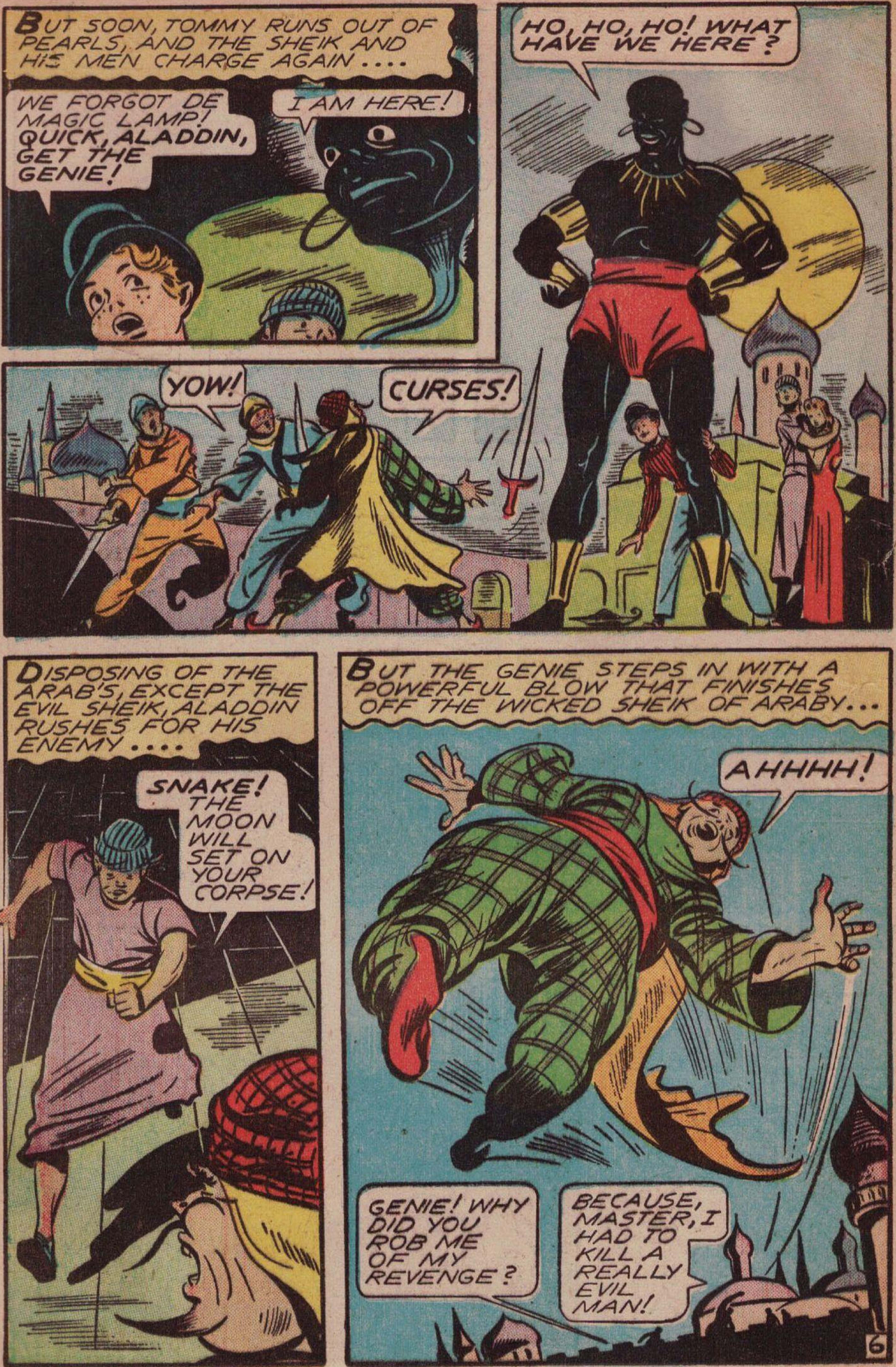

TOMMY TYME
AND HIS MAGIC CLOCK
1944 A.D.
1776
1492
3000 B.C.
TOMMY TYME RISKS LIFE AND LIMB, FAR BACK IN THE DAYS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, TO RETURN TO THE PRESENT WITH THE MAGIC CARPET AND ALADDIN'S WONDERFUL LAMP---- FOLLOW TOMMY'S ADVENTURE AS HIS MAGIC CLOCK TAKES HIM BACK IN TIME AND SPACE TO---
"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS"
TOMMY TYME SITS LAZILY IN CLASS, DREAMING OF OTHER THINGS THAN BOOKS, TEACHERS AND MARKS....
YOUR HOMEWORK FOR TO-MORROW WILL BE -----
(SIGH) GEE, I WISHT I HAD DE MAGIC CARPET, LIKE IN DE ARABIAN NIGHTS!
HE ARABIAN NIGHTS
I COULD SAIL AWAY FROM TEACHER ON DE MAGIC CARPET!

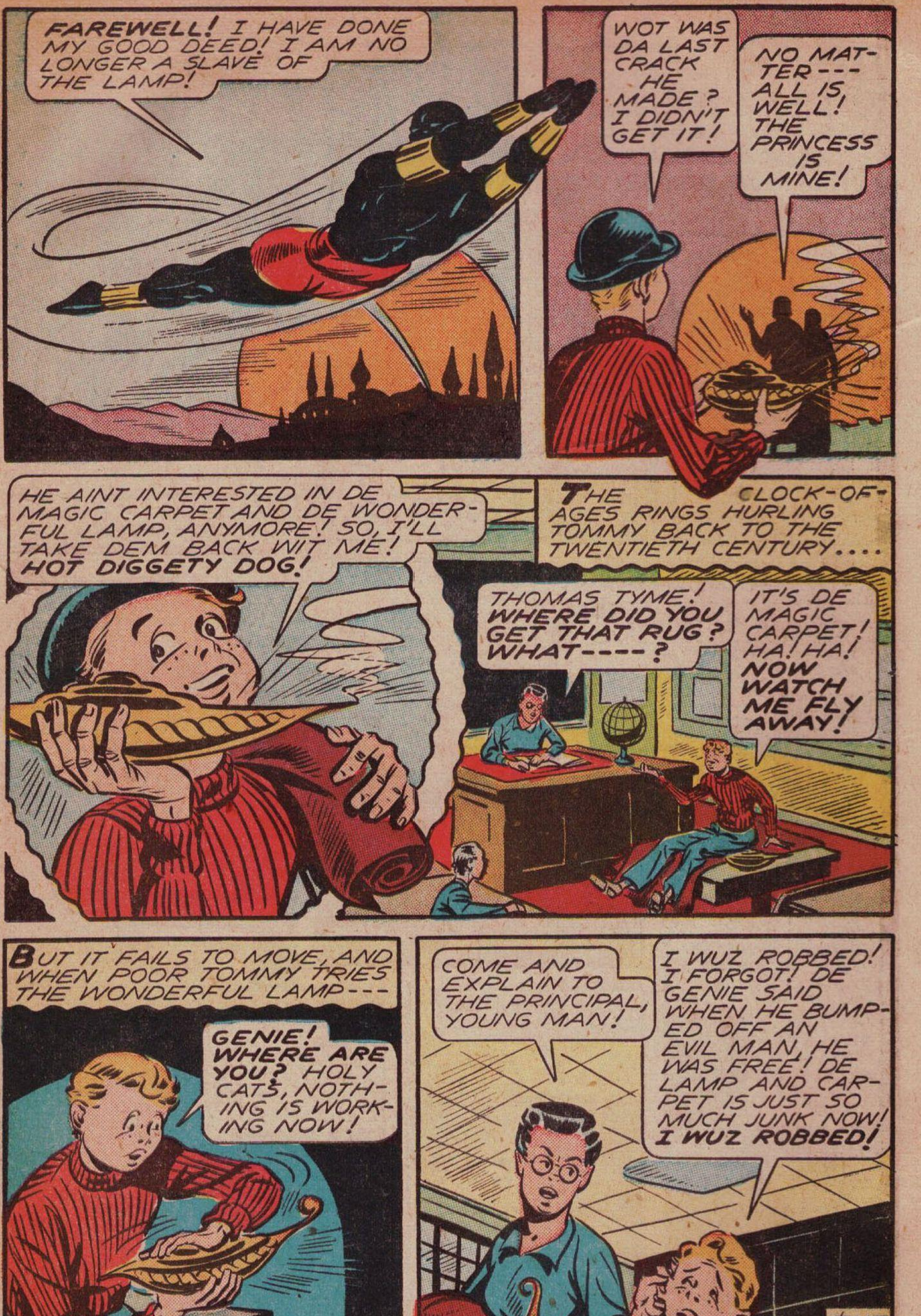

WELL, WHY NOT? I KIN USE DE CLOCK-O-AGES TO GO AND GIT DE MAGIC CARPET AND ALADDIN'S LAMP!
TOMMY'S WONDERFUL CLOCK-OF-AGES OBEYS, AND WHISKS HIM BACK TO THE DIM PAST DAYS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS..
DIS MUST BE BAGDAD, WAY BACK IN DE OLD DAYS!
HAH! A SLAVE BOY! I'LL SELL THEE FOR MUCH GOLD ON THE SLAVE BLOCK! I'M THE SHEIK OF ARABY!
HEY! LISTEN YOU!
I'LL MAKE YOU SHRIEK, SHEIK!
OWWW!
BUT THE EVIL SHEIK LAYS TOMMY LOW WITH THE FLAT OF HIS SCIMITAR...
BY ALLAH! I'LL MAKE THEE SUFFER, BRAT!
OHHH!
LATER, TOMMY WAKES UP IN A DARK DUNGEON.....
UH--OH, MY HEAD! HEY! I'M CHAINED! WOT IS DIS?
YOU ARE THE PRISONER OF THE WICKED SHEIK OF ARABY, LAD! NO ONE EVER COMES OUT ALIVE FROM HIS DUNGEONS!


HE HAS IMPRISONED ME BECAUSE HE WANTS MY SWEETHEART, THE GLORIOUS PRINCESS FATIMA, FOR HIMSELF! MY NAME IS ALADDIN!
ALADDIN? HOLY CATS! HAVEN'T YA GOT DE MAGIC LAMP?
YES, HERE IT IS! BUT-- WHAT GOOD IS IT?
HOLY COW! DON'T YA KNOW? ALL YA DO, IS RUB IT, AND DE GENIE APPEARS! GO AHEAD---- RUB IT!
YES, MASTER! WHAT DO YOU WISH?
???
SEE?
TELL HIM TO BUST OUR CHAINS LOOSE, ALADDIN!
EXCELLENT IDEA! YOU ARE A BRIGHT LAD! WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
THE GENIE EASILY BUSTS THE CHAINS....
FROM BROOKLYN, U.S.A! BUT DON'T TRY TO FIGGER OUT WHERE DAT IS! IT'S KINDA--ER--FAR AWAY!
YOU ARE THE SHEIK OF BROOKLYN, I GATHER!
WHAT IS THY NEXT WISH, O' MASTER?
WHY--- UH--UH!
DE MAGIC CARPET! ASK FOR DE MAGIC CARPET! GEE WHIZ, DON'T YA KNOW NUTTIN' ABOUT DE ARABIN NIGHTS?
3


GENIE, BRING THE MAGIC CARPET!
LO! IT IS UNDER YOUR FEET, ALREADY!
BUT I MUST WARN YOU, MASTER! AS SOON AS I HAVE KILLED AN EVIL MAN, **I AM FREE OF THE LAMP!** TILL THEN, I AM YOUR SLAVE!
BOY! COULD I CRASH OUTA SCHOOL WID DIS!
BUT NOW -- **WHERE?**
JUMPIN' JEEPERS! AIN'T YA GOT NO IMAGINATION AT ALL! LET'S GO AND GET DA PRINCESS! YOU KIN ELOPE WID HER NOW!
BY ALLAH, YOU ARE RIGHT, TOMMY! HERE IS THE PALACE! THE PRINCESS WILL BE ON THE ROOF, SIGHING FOR ME!

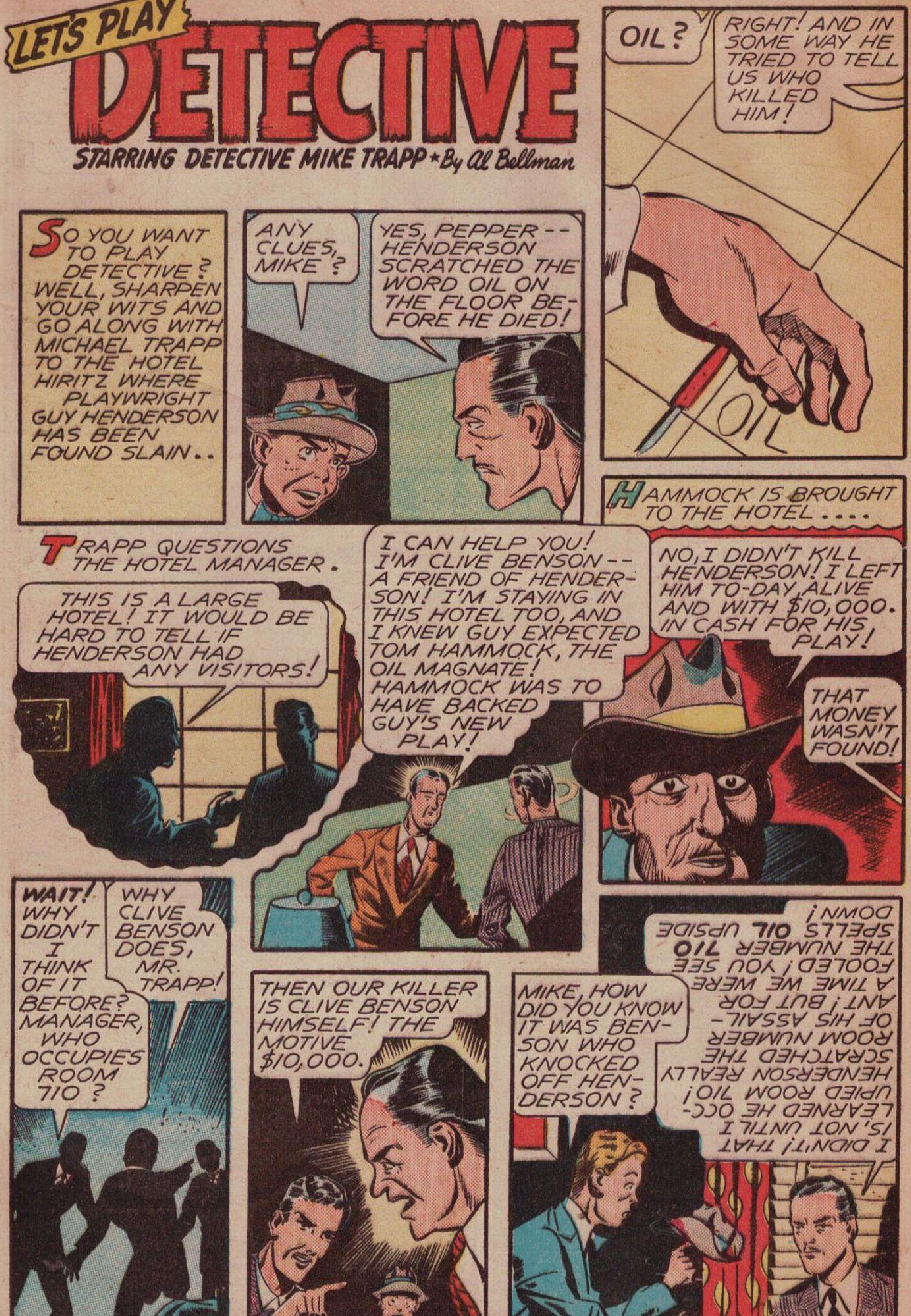

ALADDIN! OH, MY BELOVED! I HAVE SIGHED TEN DAYS AND TEN NIGHTS, FOR THEE!
FATIMA! MY PRINCESS!
HEY, BREAK IT UP, KIDS! LOOK WHO'S COMING --- DE SHEIK OF ARABY!
THE GIRL IS MINE!
EEK! SAVE ME, ALADDIN!
SAVE YOU? HA! HA! WE WILL HACK HIM TO BITS BEFORE YOUR EYES!
AND I HAVE NO WEAPON! I AM LOST!
BUT TOMMY TYME IS NEVER WITHOUT HIS WITS....
PRINCESS, QUICK! GIVE ME DEM POILS, WILL YA?
HERE! BUT HOW CAN THEY SAVE MY BELOVED?
YOW!
ALLAH!
LIKE DIS! --WITH MY SLING-SHOT!
OHH!
5


BUT SOON, TOMMY RUNS OUT OF PEARLS, AND THE SHEIK AND HIS MEN CHARGE AGAIN....
WE FORGOT DE MAGIC LAMP! QUICK, ALADDIN, GET THE GENIE!
I AM HERE!
HO, HO, HO! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
YOW!
CURSES!
DISPOSING OF THE ARAB'S, EXCEPT THE EVIL SHEIK, ALADDIN RUSHES FOR HIS ENEMY....
SNAKE! THE MOON WILL SET ON YOUR CORPSE!
BUT THE GENIE STEPS IN WITH A POWERFUL BLOW THAT FINISHES OFF THE WICKED SHEIK OF ARABY...
AHHHH!
GENIE! WHY DID YOU ROB ME OF MY REVENGE?
BECAUSE, MASTER, I HAD TO KILL A REALLY EVIL MAN!
6


FAREWELL! I HAVE DONE MY GOOD DEED! I AM NO LONGER A SLAVE OF THE LAMP!
WOT WAS DA LAST CRACK HE MADE? I DIDN'T GET IT!
NO MATTER--- ALL IS WELL! THE PRINCESS IS MINE!
HE AINT INTERESTED IN DE MAGIC CARPET AND DE WONDERFUL LAMP, ANYMORE! SO, I'LL TAKE DEM BACK WIT ME! HOT DIGGETY DOG!
THE CLOCK-OF-AGES RINGS HURLING TOMMY BACK TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY....
THOMAS TYME! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT RUG? WHAT----?
IT'S DE MAGIC CARPET! HA! HA! NOW WATCH ME FLY AWAY!
BUT IT FAILS TO MOVE, AND WHEN POOR TOMMY TRIES THE WONDERFUL LAMP---
GENIE! WHERE ARE YOU? HOLY CATS, NOTHING IS WORKING NOW!
COME AND EXPLAIN TO THE PRINCIPAL, YOUNG MAN!
I WUZ ROBBED! I FORGOT! DE GENIE SAID WHEN HE BUMPED OFF AN EVIL MAN, HE WAS FREE! DE LAMP AND CARPET IS JUST SO MUCH JUNK NOW! I WUZ ROBBED!
THE END

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE

STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP ★ By Al Bellman


SO YOU WANT TO PLAY DETECTIVE? WELL, SHARPEN YOUR WITS AND GO ALONG WITH MICHAEL TRAPP TO THE HOTEL HIRITZ WHERE PLAYWRIGHT GUY HENDERSON HAS BEEN FOUND SLAIN..
ANY CLUES, MIKE?
YES, PEPPER-- HENDERSON SCRATCHED THE WORD OIL ON THE FLOOR BEFORE HE DIED!
OIL?
RIGHT! AND IN SOME WAY HE TRIED TO TELL US WHO KILLED HIM!
OIL
TRAPP QUESTIONS THE HOTEL MANAGER.
THIS IS A LARGE HOTEL! IT WOULD BE HARD TO TELL IF HENDERSON HAD ANY VISITORS!
I CAN HELP YOU! I'M CLIVE BENSON-- A FRIEND OF HENDERSON! I'M STAYING IN THIS HOTEL TOO, AND I KNEW GUY EXPECTED TOM HAMMOCK, THE OIL MAGNATE! HAMMOCK WAS TO HAVE BACKED GUY'S NEW PLAY!
HAMMOCK IS BROUGHT TO THE HOTEL....
NO, I DIDN'T KILL HENDERSON! I LEFT HIM TO-DAY, ALIVE AND WITH $10,000. IN CASH FOR HIS PLAY!
THAT MONEY WASN'T FOUND!
WAIT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? MANAGER, WHO OCCUPIES ROOM 710?
WHY CLIVE BENSON DOES, MR. TRAPP!
THEN OUR KILLER IS CLIVE BENSON HIMSELF! THE MOTIVE $10,000.
MIKE, HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS BENSON WHO KNOCKED OFF HENDERSON?
I DIDN'T! THAT IS, NOT UNTIL I LEARNED HE OCCUPIED ROOM 710! HENDERSON REALLY SCRATCHED THE ROOM NUMBER OF HIS ASSAILANT! BUT FOR A TIME WE WERE FOOLED! YOU SEE THE NUMBER 710 SPELLS OIL UPSIDE DOWN!
REVERSE PAGE FOR SOLUTION

"DEATH SHOT"

THE trucks lay far below the shattered shelf which had once been the over-mountain road, now twisted and crushed beyond hope of repair. Staring silently down from high above, Carey felt his eyes burn hotly. This had been no accident. It had been deliberate, purposeful, designed to disrupt work on the road.

Turning back, Carey looked up at Big Bill Gleason. "Looks bad," Big Bill called. "Whoever done it—"

Something whined through the air past Carey's head, sounding like an infuriated bee. It struck the wall back of him with a soft chug, and stone and dirt dislodged, to go rattling down into the canyon. Again the whine ripped through the air, the sing of it close to Carey's head—

Desperately Carey flung himself to the edge of the shattered road, hurled himself up onto its surface and across into the underbrush at the side.

Turning, he peered out. Someone across the canyon had deliberately tried to kill him. Gleason had disappeared into the underbrush. also.. And far across on the distant side of the canyon was nothing but woods. It was impossible to see anyone there. For a moment Carey waited, then slowly, grimly, he turned to push through the underbrush. He reached a path and followed it across the hump and started into the valley below.

Big Bill appeared before him, face tense and white. "Close shooting," he said, waiting for Carey to come up. "They were trying for you."

"Evidently they aren't satisfied to wreck a half-dozen truck-trailers. They're out to get me, now." Carey thought swiftly about that, added grimly, "It all ties up with Anderson and this road. Enemy agents mean to stop this construction job. We've got to guard against it, you, I and Veto. We can't let anything happen to him. If we did . . . none of the natives would stick!"

Big Bill turned down trail, wide shoulders hunched forward. "An' sometimes I wonder about Veto. He's a shrewd egg. It wouldn't take much to turn him, an' all the others, against us. I dunno how you feel about it. . . ."

They reached camp, a sprawling of shacks, with the warehouses at the far end, the trucks lined up. Natives sprinkled around in the open, loading and carting stuff. Big Bill pulled up before the "office," a single shack set apart from the others. His black eyes met Carey's carefully.

"See you later," Carey said. "Get a crew down there and save what you can. Let me know how many were killed."

"Mostly natives," Big Bill reassured. "They're cheap and plentiful. Okay. I'll let you know."

Inside the office it was shaded but not cool. Carey sat at the rough desk in one corner, fingering the bills of lading and shipping orders, listening to the lazy hum of a fly around the small room. His mind kept going back to those shattered trucks far in the bottom of the canyon, the double shots from the woods on the far side. Someone with a high-powered rifle, but who wasn't the best shot in the world. Thank goodness for that. Carey tried to relax. He was in a spot here. He was new and hadn't gotten the swing of the work yet. Anderson had been shipped back hurriedly for an emergency operation. He'd been shot, supposedly accidentally. But Carey knew better, now. . . .

IT WAS night, hot and brooding, before Carey stirred from the chair. Looking out a window, he saw lights sprinkled across the blackness, and smelled a wood fire; someone getting ready to chow. Carey turned back, to wait for a report from Gleason.

But Gleason didn't show up. Hours later Carey let himself out into the dark and moved away across the field toward the huddled shacks where the "whites" lived, where Big Bill had his quarters. His place was in darkness and Carey made a wide detour to the back.

Someone moved away from the rear of Gleason's shack. There wasn't any light by which to see the face but Carey recognized Gleason's over-sized body as he hurried away into the dark.

Tensely Carey started in pursuit. His hand dropped to the revolver on his hip, stayed there as he slipped swiftly along Gleason's trail. A feeling, an uneasy hunch he'd had all day, suddenly crystallized in Carey's mind. Gleasan had been too close to the natives, had seemed to understand them better than anyone else, even up to speaking their lingo.

The trail led back into the hills and over the hump and down into a dense part of the woods to a shack. Gleason got there first. Carey thought he'd lost him till he saw the light ahead in the darkness. He moved forward to peer inside. He saw Gleason and . . . Veto.

Gleason was saying, "The new boss is wise. If you hadn't bungled your job today, we'd have been all right. You want to lose the dough we're getting for this?"

Veto was on a cot in the corner. His head was bandaged, his lithe body stretched out at full length. He spoke softly, quickly: "I could not see. The brush—the woods were too dense. The sun shone into my eyes."

Gleason swore savagely. "I should have beat your brains out, you fool! Now we've got to figure out another way—"

Carey slid around to the door. He found the latch and flipped his revolver out of its holster at the same time, stepping suddenly into the room beyond, covering Gleason with the gun.

Gleason whirled. In his hand he held a hypo which he had just finished charging. Slowly, grimly, he put it down on the little table, moved his bulky body squarely to face Carey.

"Okay," Gleason said from between clenched teeth. "What're you gonna do about it?"

Carey waited, watching carefully as Veto swung brown, sinewy legs to the floor, leaned forward. He was armed with a knife only, but Veto and his knife were deadly, more accurate perhaps than a rifle. . . .

"Gleason gave you a work-out, eh?" Carey addressed Veto, noting the little man's bandaged head. "For missing me!"

Veto's black eyes flashed fire. "Boss-man—"

"Gleason's the boss-man?"

Gleason growled, "It won't work, Carey. You're up a tree. You've got us . . . but what about the natives? If anything happens to Veto or me, or both of us, you're stumped!" Gleason laughed. "Why, they're already slowing down. Or maybe you noticed!"

"I did," Carey admitted. "Thanks to you. But it's not going to work, Gleason. There are other ways of getting the work done. I've got enough against you to hang you right now!" He noted Gleason's sweat-speckled face and asked, "What was the hypo for, Veto?"

The native's black eyes darted aside. "Head very bad," he explained. "Boss-man—" He broke off.

Gleason had moved, but Carey's revolver roared and Gleason lurched aside, hands thrown up before him, face white and gleaming with sweat.

"Okay, Veto," Carey ordered. "You tie the boss-man up! Tight!"

Veto complied slowly, returned to the cot when the job was done. Suddenly Carey stepped forward and, with a swift motion, kicked Big Bill's feet from beneath him.

"It still won't do no good," Gleason growled. "You're licked, Carey!"

"Am I?" Carey moved aside, picked up the hypo. "What was this for?"

Gleason stared up with wide, shifting eyes. His teeth were clenched, but suddenly he choked out words.

"Not that!" he whispered. "It wouldn't hurt Veto. It was for his head. The pain was bad—"

Carey looked at the little native. "This guy's got you believing you're going to get a huge sum of money for holding up things here. You'll never get it. As a matter of fact . . . Gleason was getting ready to give you an over-dose of something to probably kill you. Maybe he wanted to do it that way. Some people like to kill but don't like the sight of blood!"

Veto said nothing. Carey stepped back to the table. "I'm going to show you—"

"Not that!" Gleason almost screamed.

"See?" Carey told Veto. "But I'll prove it!"

Gleason writhed and twisted desperately, lashing his body about on the floor. Veto suddenly darted forward, dropping his powerful body onto the big man.

Swiftly Carey made the injection, using about a third of the contents of the hypo. Then he stood up and stepped away. Veto got to his feet. Gleason lay motionless on the floor, body rigid, teeth clenched, flecks of foam and blood on his lips—

A moment later they could see him relax; a few moments later his body went limp!

"See?" Carey told Veto triumphantly. "All of it would have killed him. *Or* you!"

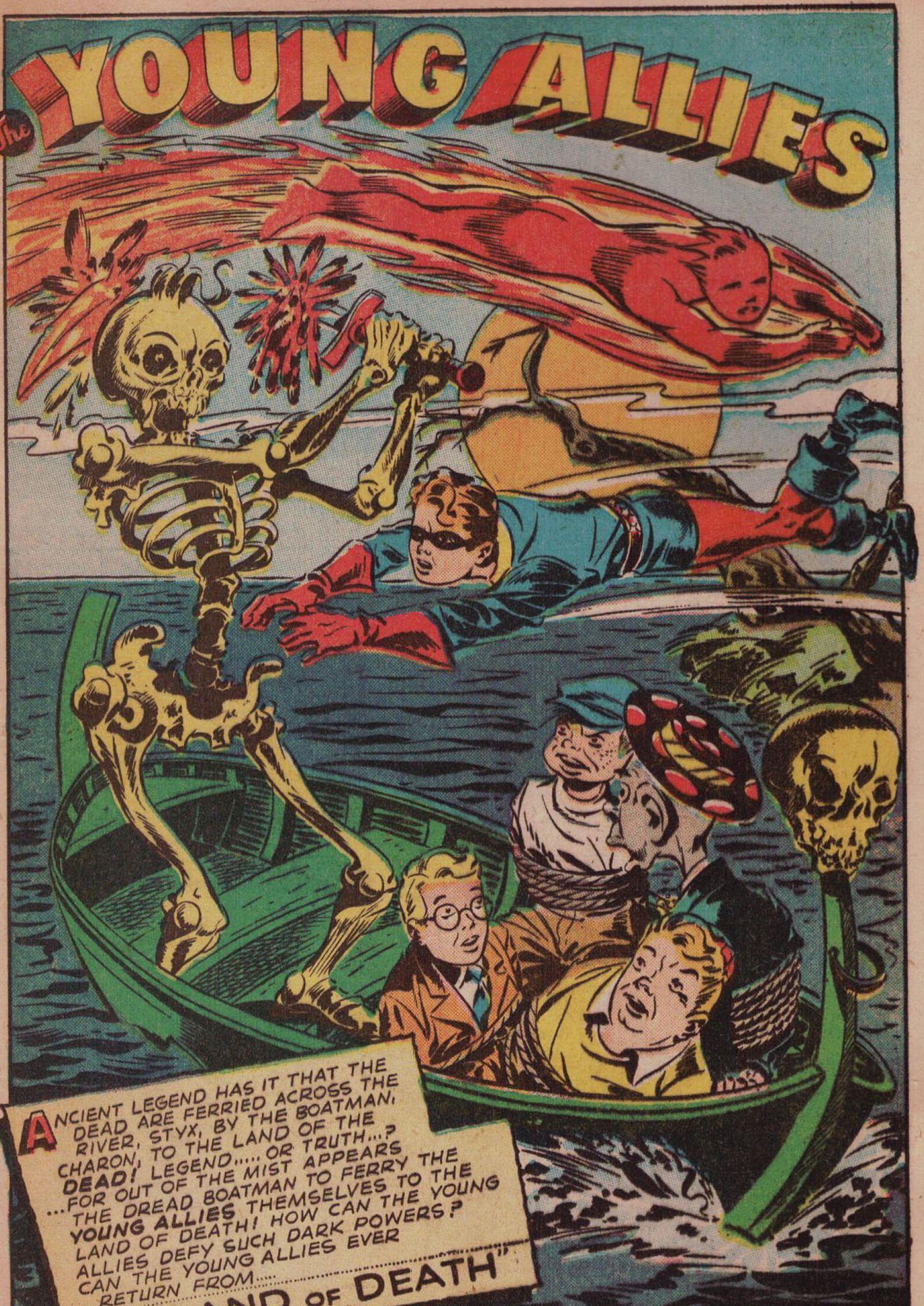
Veto fingered the knife at his belt. Carey moved forward. "Gleason will be taken care of, don't worry. He wasn't the friend you thought him." Carey hesitated, then continued: "I need your help, Veto. You attended a missionary school, were taught to speak English. And you can help me now. Gleason could have gotten along without you, but I can't!"

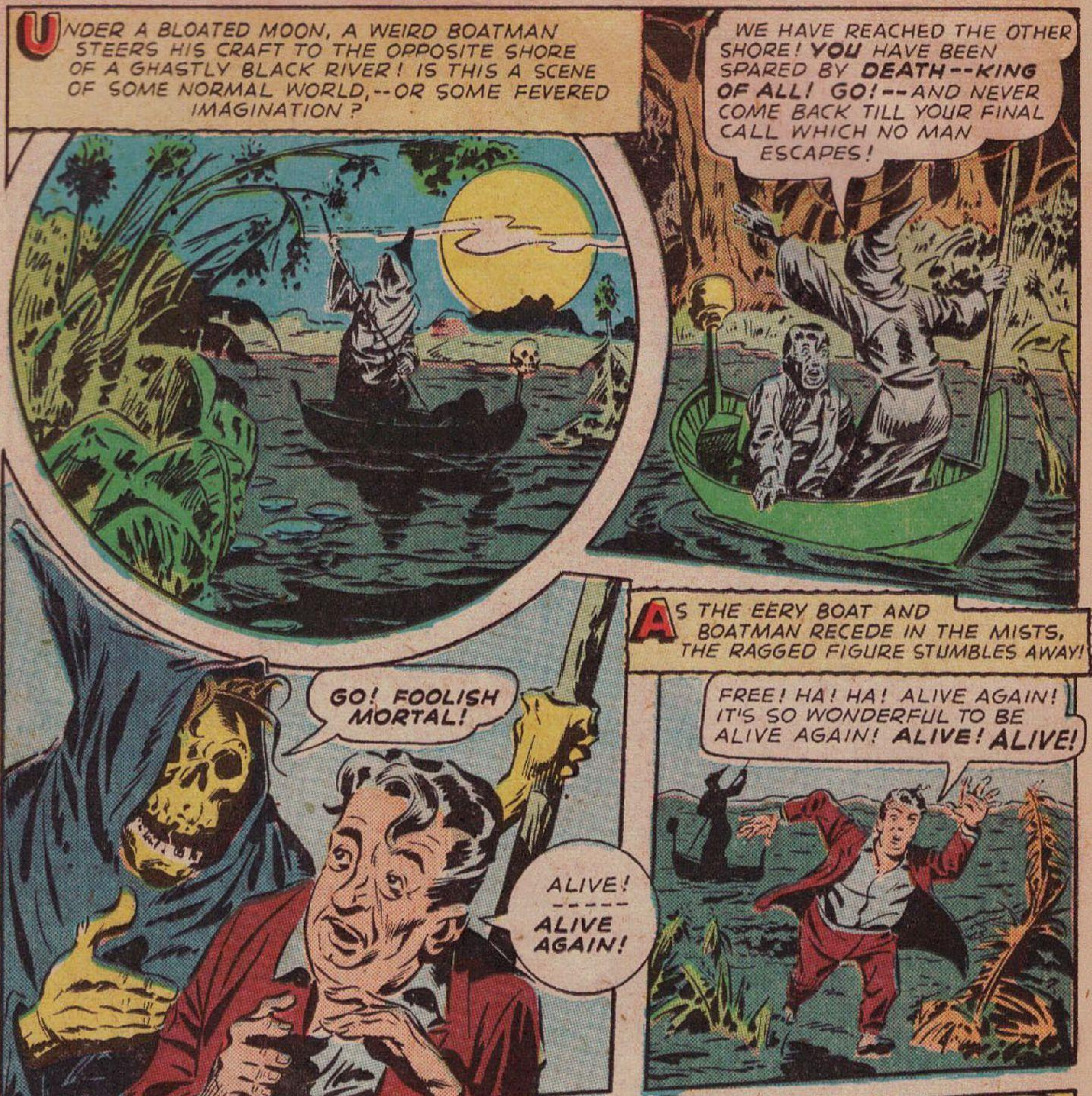
Veto waited, staring angrily down at the inert body on the floor. His dark eyes came up, while a shadowy smile flashed across his hard mouth. "I tried, senor, to kill you—"

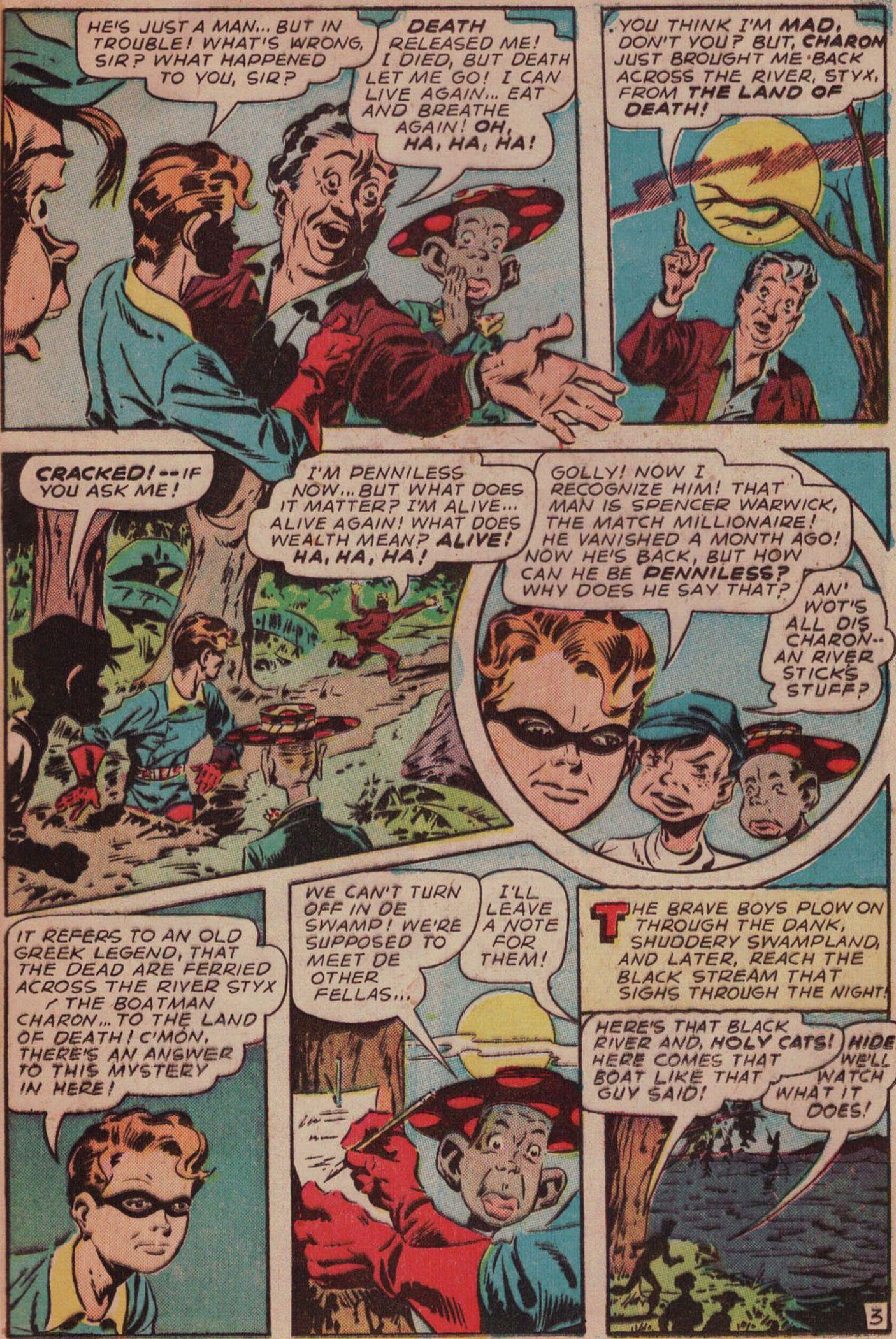
Carey nodded. "Because you believed in Gleason. You'll get more working for me than for Gleason. He made promises and that was all. Understand?"

Veto nodded and grinned. "Yes." He held out his hand, adding softly, "Boss-man!"

THE END

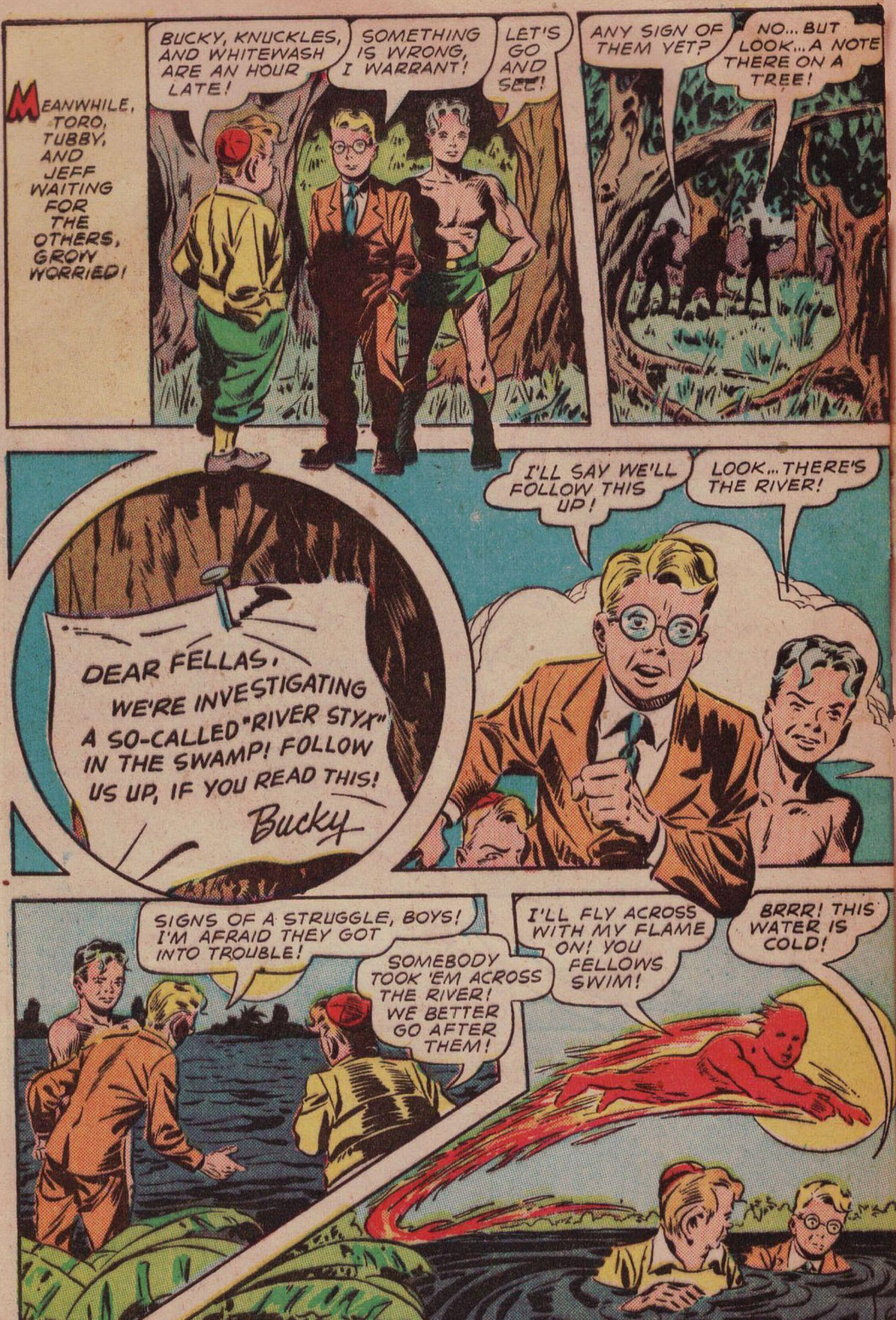

The YOUNG ALLIES
ANCIENT LEGEND HAS IT THAT THE DEAD ARE FERRIED ACROSS THE RIVER, STYX, BY THE BOATMAN, CHARON, TO THE LAND OF THE DEAD! LEGEND..... OR TRUTH...? FOR OUT OF THE MIST APPEARS THE DREAD BOATMAN TO FERRY THE YOUNG ALLIES THEMSELVES TO THE LAND OF DEATH! HOW CAN THE YOUNG ALLIES DEFY SUCH DARK POWERS? CAN THE YOUNG ALLIES EVER RETURN FROM.....
"The LAND of DEATH"

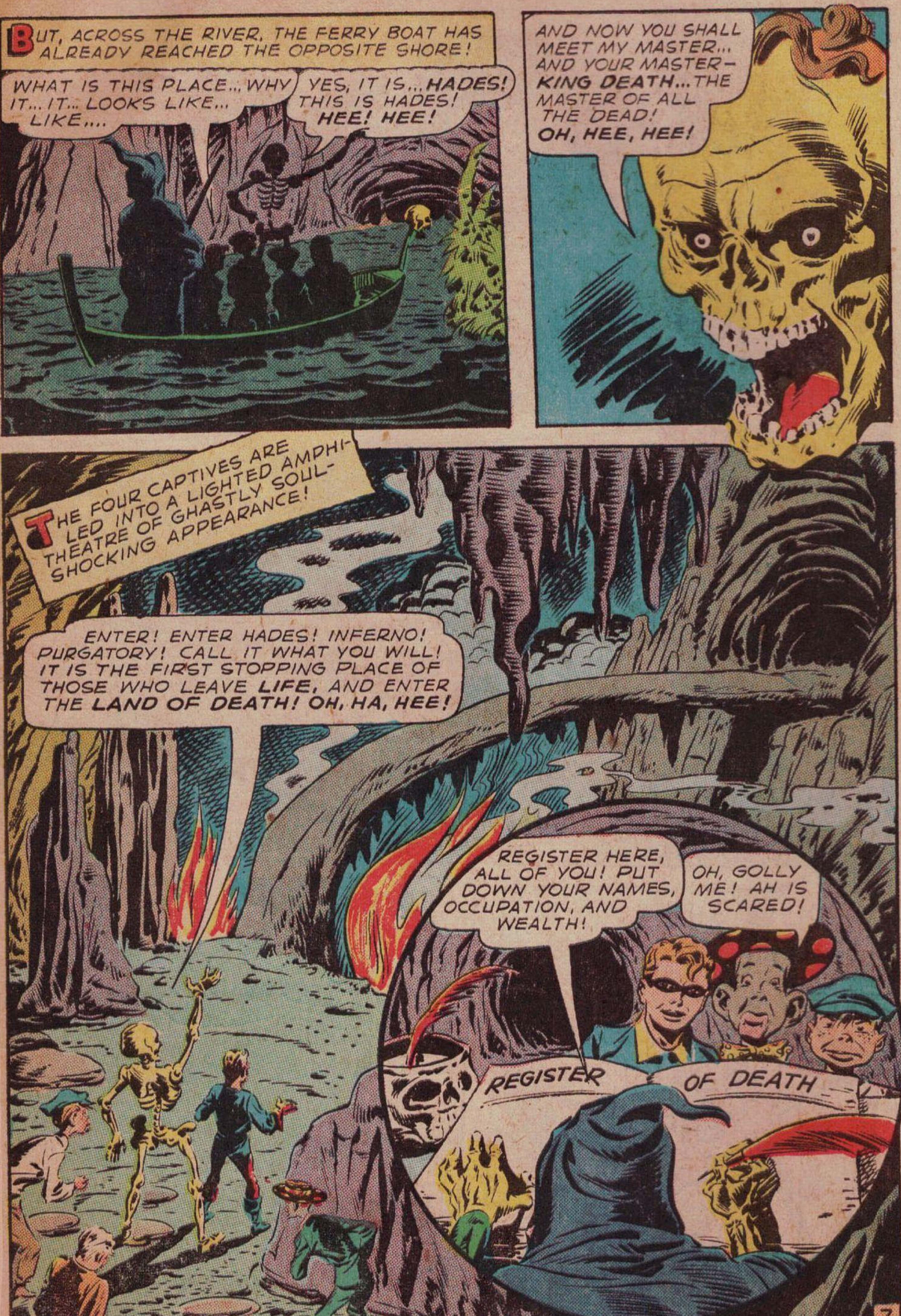

UNDER A BLOATED MOON, A WEIRD BOATMAN STEERS HIS CRAFT TO THE OPPOSITE SHORE OF A GHASTLY BLACK RIVER! IS THIS A SCENE OF SOME NORMAL WORLD,--OR SOME FEVERED IMAGINATION?
WE HAVE REACHED THE OTHER SHORE! YOU HAVE BEEN SPARED BY DEATH--KING OF ALL! GO!--AND NEVER COME BACK TILL YOUR FINAL CALL WHICH NO MAN ESCAPES!
GO! FOOLISH MORTAL!
ALIVE! ----- ALIVE AGAIN!
AS THE EERY BOAT AND BOATMAN RECEDE IN THE MISTS, THE RAGGED FIGURE STUMBLES AWAY!
FREE! HA! HA! ALIVE AGAIN! IT'S SO WONDERFUL TO BE ALIVE AGAIN! ALIVE! ALIVE!
WHAT MADDENED CREATURE IS THIS? WHAT INSANE WORDS DOES HE POUR FROM HIS LIPS AS HE STAGGERS FROM THE SWAMP?
ALIVE! FREE! I CAN LAUGH AT DEATH! OH, HA, HA, HAAAA!
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
WHO IS DAT GUY?
DAT AIN'T NO GUY... IT'S A GHOST! SEE, I TOLD YOU WE SHOULDN'T WALK PAST DIS YERE SWAMP! IT'S HAUNTED!
QUIET, WHITEWASH!
2

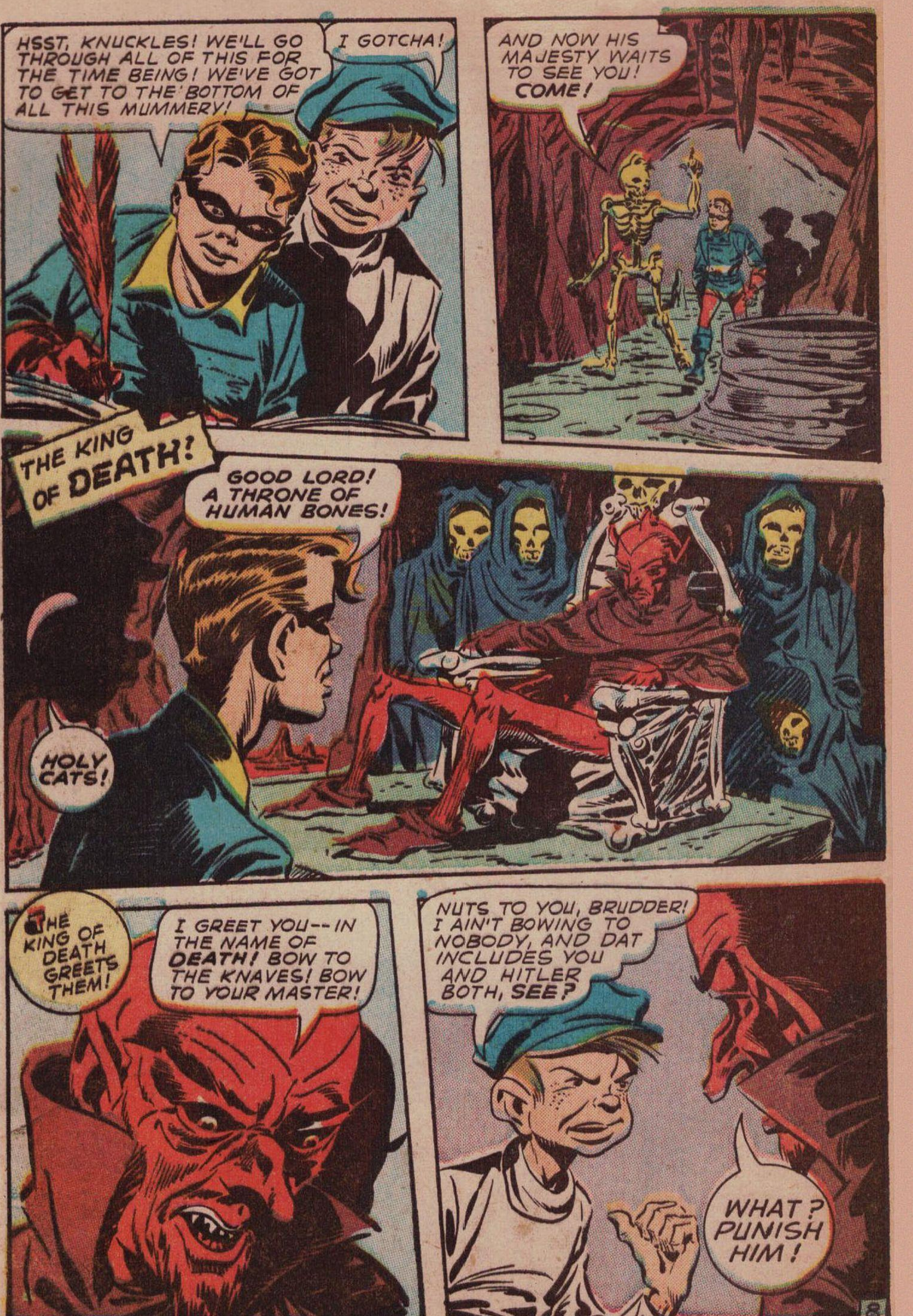

HE'S JUST A MAN... BUT IN TROUBLE! WHAT'S WRONG, SIR? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, SIR?
DEATH RELEASED ME! I DIED, BUT DEATH LET ME GO! I CAN LIVE AGAIN... EAT AND BREATHE AGAIN! **OH, HA, HA, HA!**
YOU THINK I'M **MAD,** DON'T YOU? BUT, **CHARON** JUST BROUGHT ME BACK ACROSS THE RIVER, STYX, FROM **THE LAND OF DEATH!**
CRACKED! -- IF YOU ASK ME!
I'M PENNILESS NOW... BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER? I'M ALIVE... ALIVE AGAIN! WHAT DOES WEALTH MEAN? **ALIVE! HA, HA, HA!**
GOLLY! NOW I RECOGNIZE HIM! THAT MAN IS SPENCER WARWICK, THE MATCH MILLIONAIRE! HE VANISHED A MONTH AGO! NOW HE'S BACK, BUT HOW CAN HE BE **DENNILESS?** WHY DOES HE SAY THAT?
AN' WOT'S ALL DIS CHARON-- AN RIVER STICKS STUFF?
IT REFERS TO AN OLD GREEK LEGEND, THAT THE DEAD ARE FERRIED ACROSS THE RIVER STYX / THE BOATMAN CHARON... TO THE LAND OF DEATH! C'MON, THERE'S AN ANSWER TO THIS MYSTERY IN HERE!
WE CAN'T TURN OFF IN DE SWAMP! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO MEET DE OTHER FELLAS...
I'LL LEAVE A NOTE FOR THEM!
THE BRAVE BOYS PLOW ON THROUGH THE DANK, SHUDDERY SWAMPLAND, AND LATER, REACH THE BLACK STREAM THAT SIGHS THROUGH THE NIGHT!
HERE'S THAT BLACK RIVER AND, **HOLY CATS!** HERE COMES THAT BOAT LIKE THAT GUY SAID!
HIDE! WE'LL WATCH WHAT IT DOES!
3

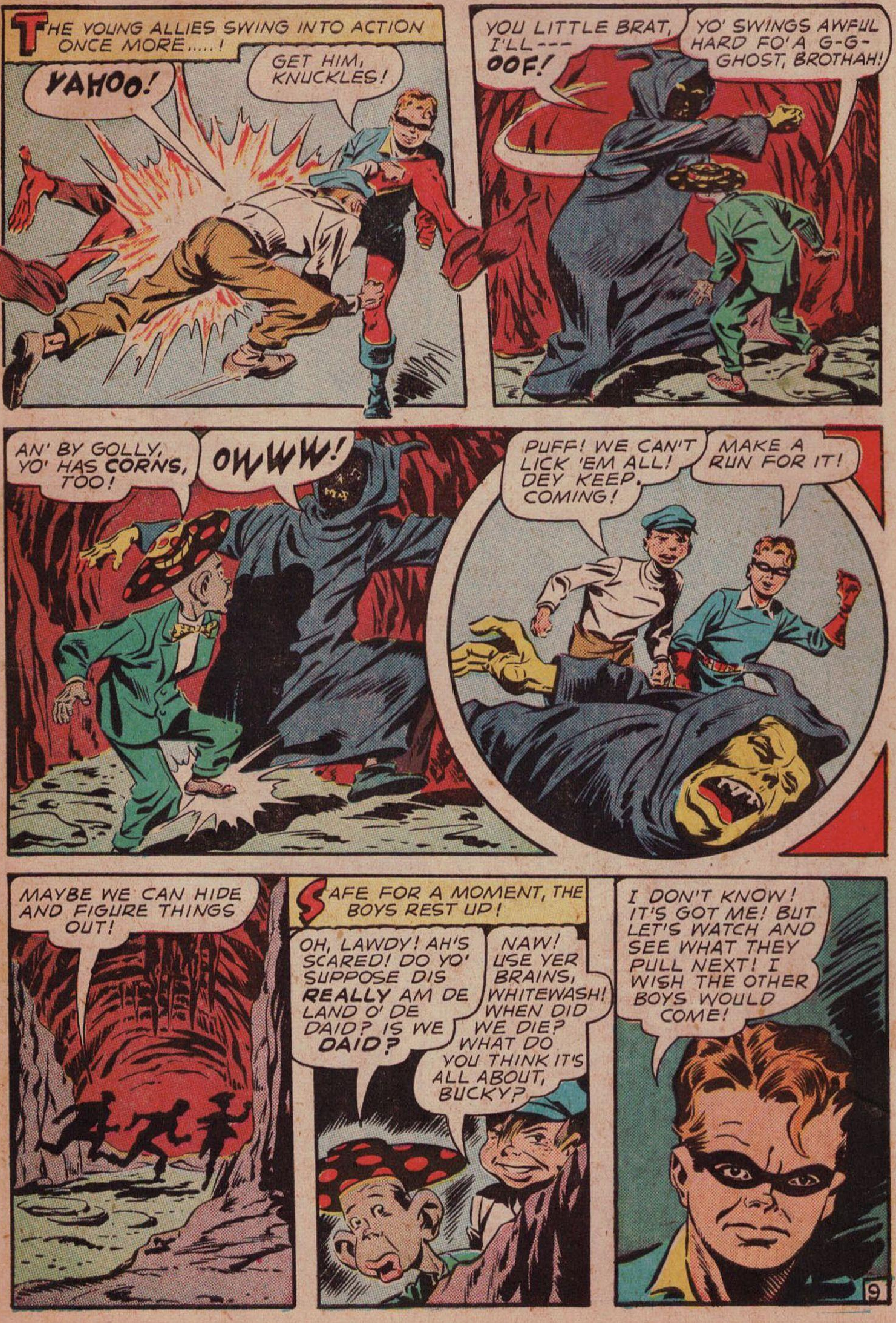
AS THE BOAT ARRIVES, PASSENGERS STEP FORTH FROM THE SHADOWS!
HO, GRINNING GHOUL! HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME ANOTHER FARE?
YES, CHARON! **HEE, HEE, HAH!** HERE HE IS! PIERPONT JONES! HIS MAJESTY WILL BE PLEASED TO SEE HIM! **HEE! HA!**
PIERPONT JONES! WHY, HE'S ANOTHER WEALTHY MAN! SOMETHING ROTTEN IS GOING ON, FELLAS! LET'S BREAK IT UP!
RIGHT!
UTTERING THEIR FAMED WAR CRY, THE THREE YOUNG ALLIES LEEP FORTH TO GIVE BATTLE AGAINST THE TWO GHASTLY FIGURES!
YAHOO!
WHAT? WHO INTERFERES WITH THE GRINNING GHOUL?
GRINNING GHOUL, EH? **LAUGH THIS OFF!**
C'MON, PAL! I'LL GET YA OUTA DIS!... **HEY!** DIS GUY'S **DRUGGED!**
I... AM.... DEAD! **DEAD!**

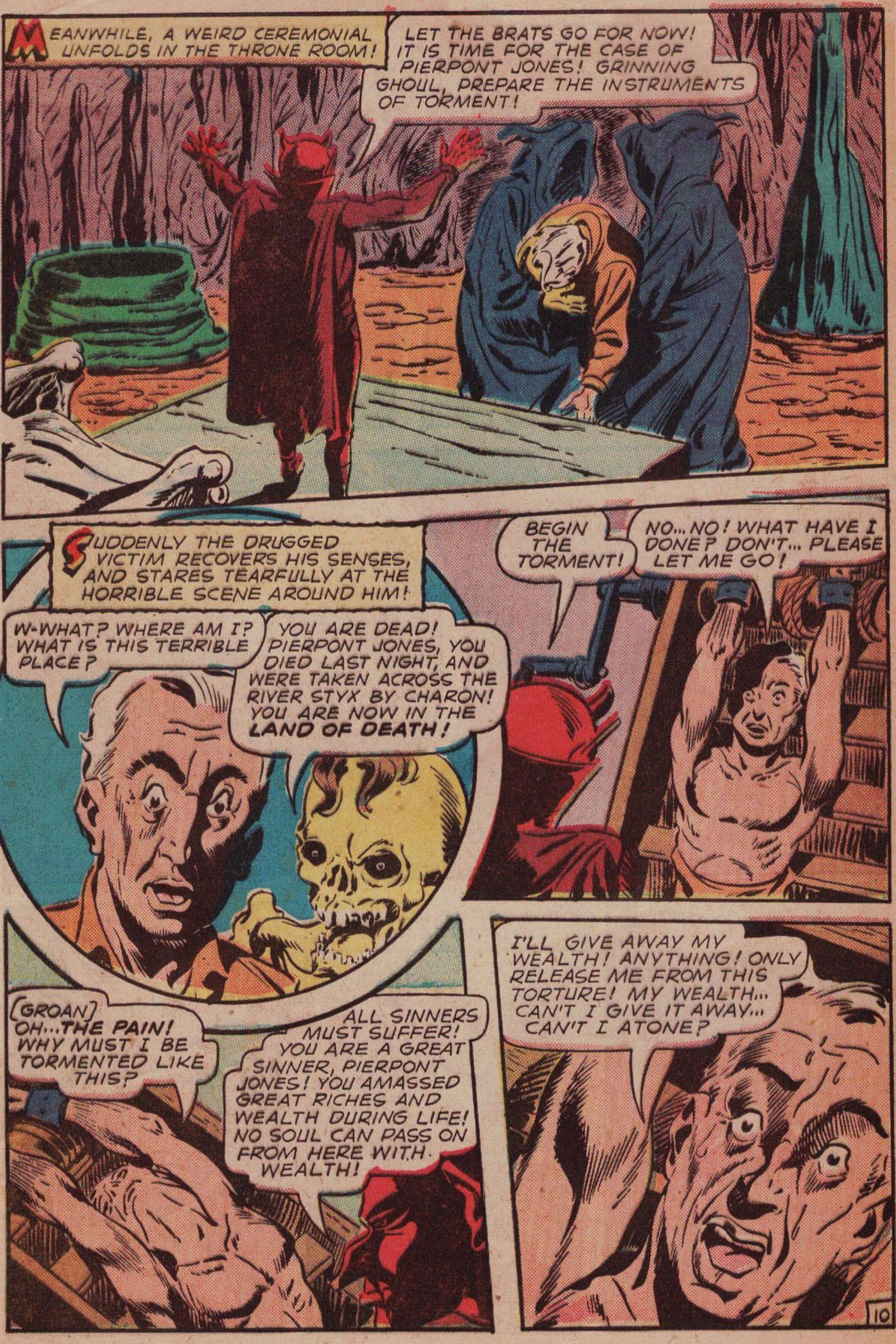
THE THREE BOYS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE MONSTROUS FIGURES!
QUICKLY, CHARON... **INTO THE BOAT WITH THEM!**
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, ACROSS THE JET WATERS, CRUISES THE CRAFT, BEARING OUR THREE YOUNG FRIENDS TO A GHASTLY UNKNOWN FATE! WHAT LIES AHEAD.... IN THE MYSTERIOUS **LAND OF DEATH?**
AWAY, CHARON! ACROSS THE RIVER STYX! I HAVE **FOUR** NEW SUBJECTS FOR HIS MAJESTY! **HEE, HEE, HEE!**

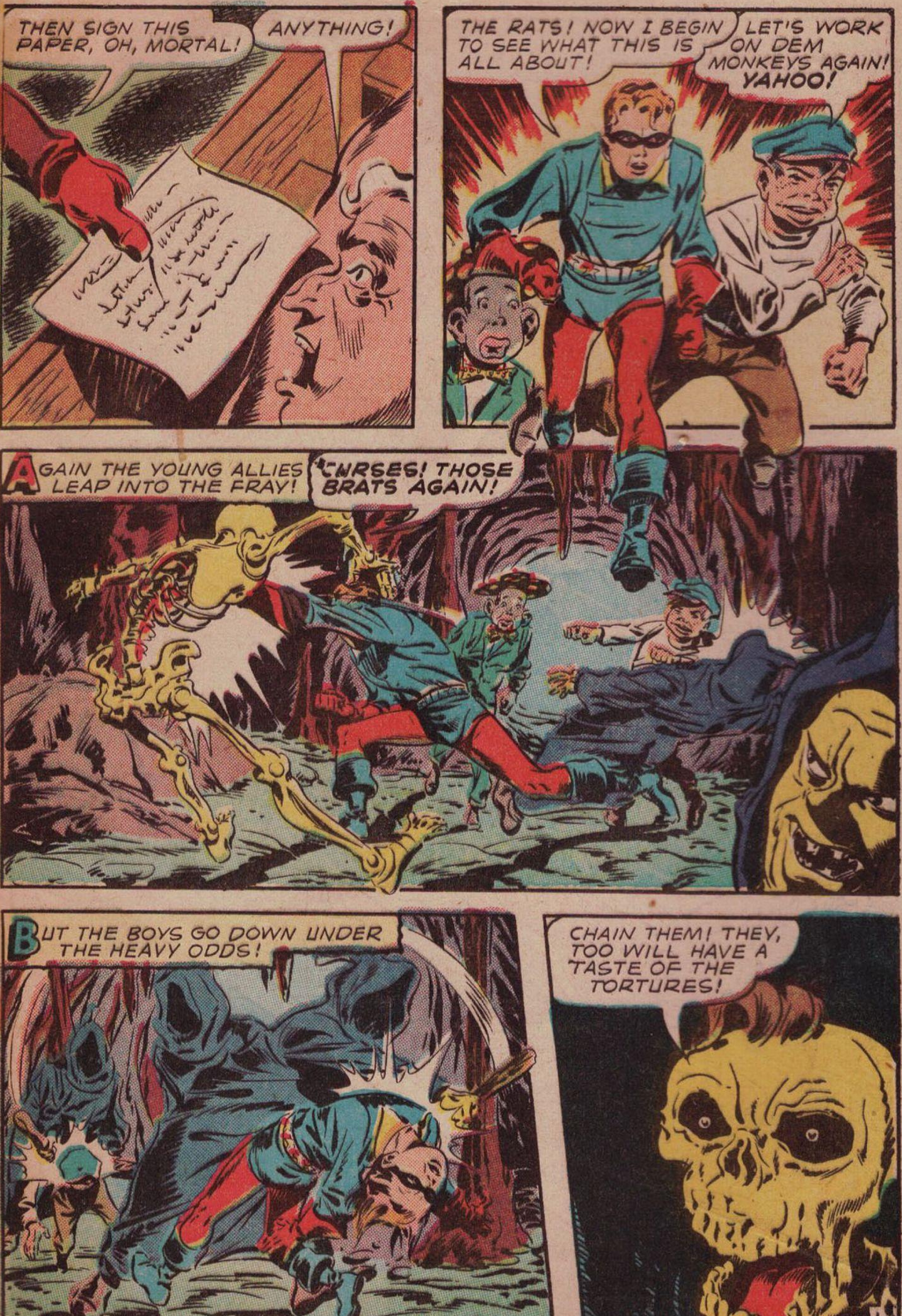

MEANWHILE, TORO, TUBBY, AND JEFF WAITING FOR THE OTHERS, GROW WORRIED!
BUCKY, KNUCKLES, AND WHITEWASH ARE AN HOUR LATE!
SOMETHING IS WRONG, I WARRANT!
LET'S GO AND SEE!
ANY SIGN OF THEM YET?
NO... BUT LOOK... A NOTE THERE ON A TREE!
DEAR FELLAS, WE'RE INVESTIGATING A SO-CALLED "RIVER STYX" IN THE SWAMP! FOLLOW US UP, IF YOU READ THIS! Bucky
I'LL SAY WE'LL FOLLOW THIS UP!
LOOK... THERE'S THE RIVER!
SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE, BOYS! I'M AFRAID THEY GOT INTO TROUBLE!
SOMEBODY TOOK 'EM ACROSS THE RIVER! WE BETTER GO AFTER THEM!
I'LL FLY ACROSS WITH MY FLAME ON! YOU FELLOWS SWIM!
BRRR! THIS WATER IS COLD!

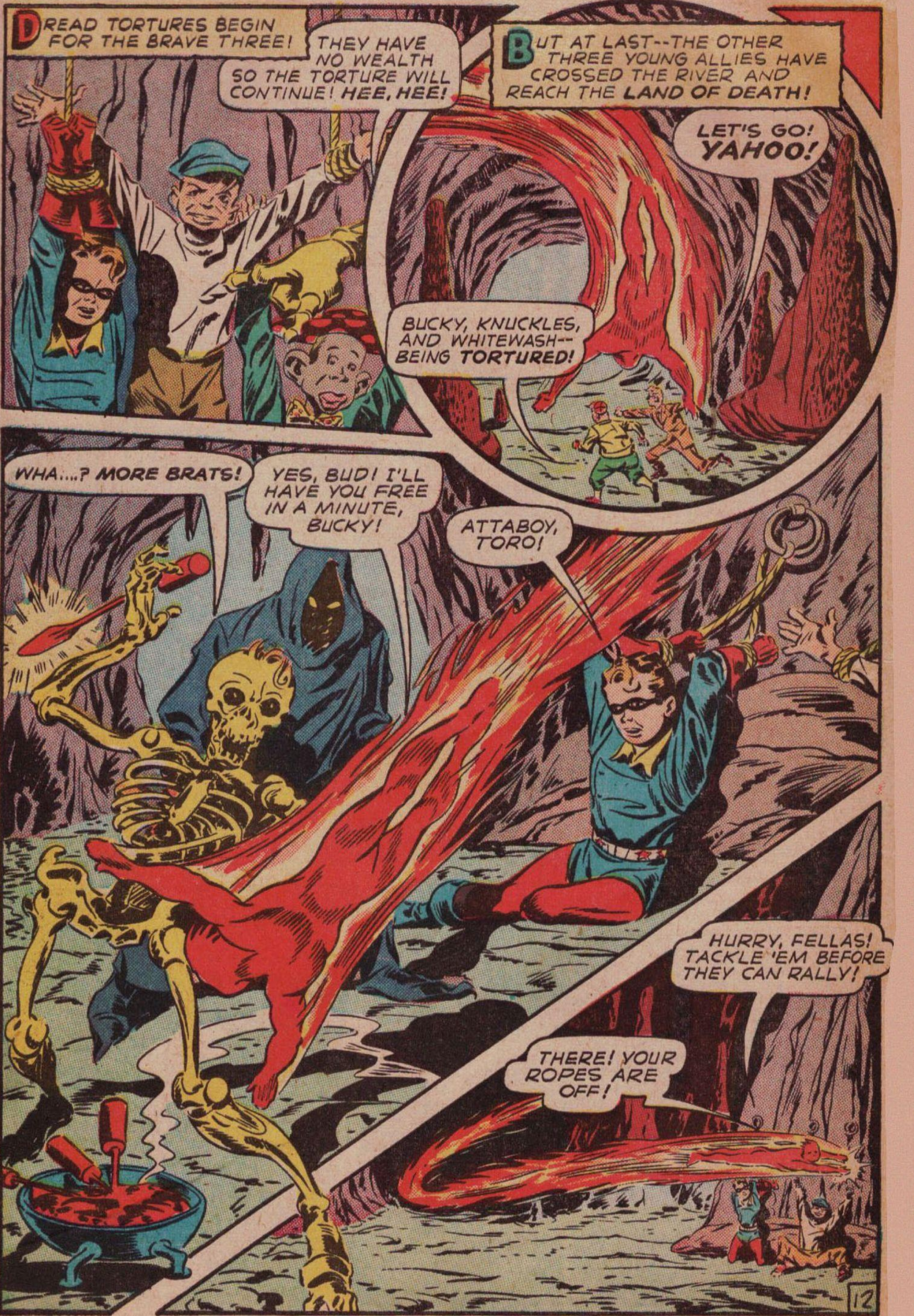

BUT, ACROSS THE RIVER, THE FERRY BOAT HAS ALREADY REACHED THE OPPOSITE SHORE!
WHAT IS THIS PLACE... WHY IT... IT... LOOKS LIKE... LIKE....
YES, IT IS... HADES! THIS IS HADES! HEE! HEE!
AND NOW YOU SHALL MEET MY MASTER... AND YOUR MASTER—KING DEATH... THE MASTER OF ALL THE DEAD! OH, HEE, HEE!
THE FOUR CAPTIVES ARE LED INTO A LIGHTED AMPHITHEATRE OF GHASTLY SOUL-SHOCKING APPEARANCE!
ENTER! ENTER HADES! INFERNO! PURGATORY! CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL! IT IS THE FIRST STOPPING PLACE OF THOSE WHO LEAVE LIFE, AND ENTER THE LAND OF DEATH! OH, HA, HEE!
REGISTER HERE, ALL OF YOU! PUT DOWN YOUR NAMES, OCCUPATION, AND WEALTH!
OH, GOLLY ME! AH IS SCARED!
REGISTER OF DEATH

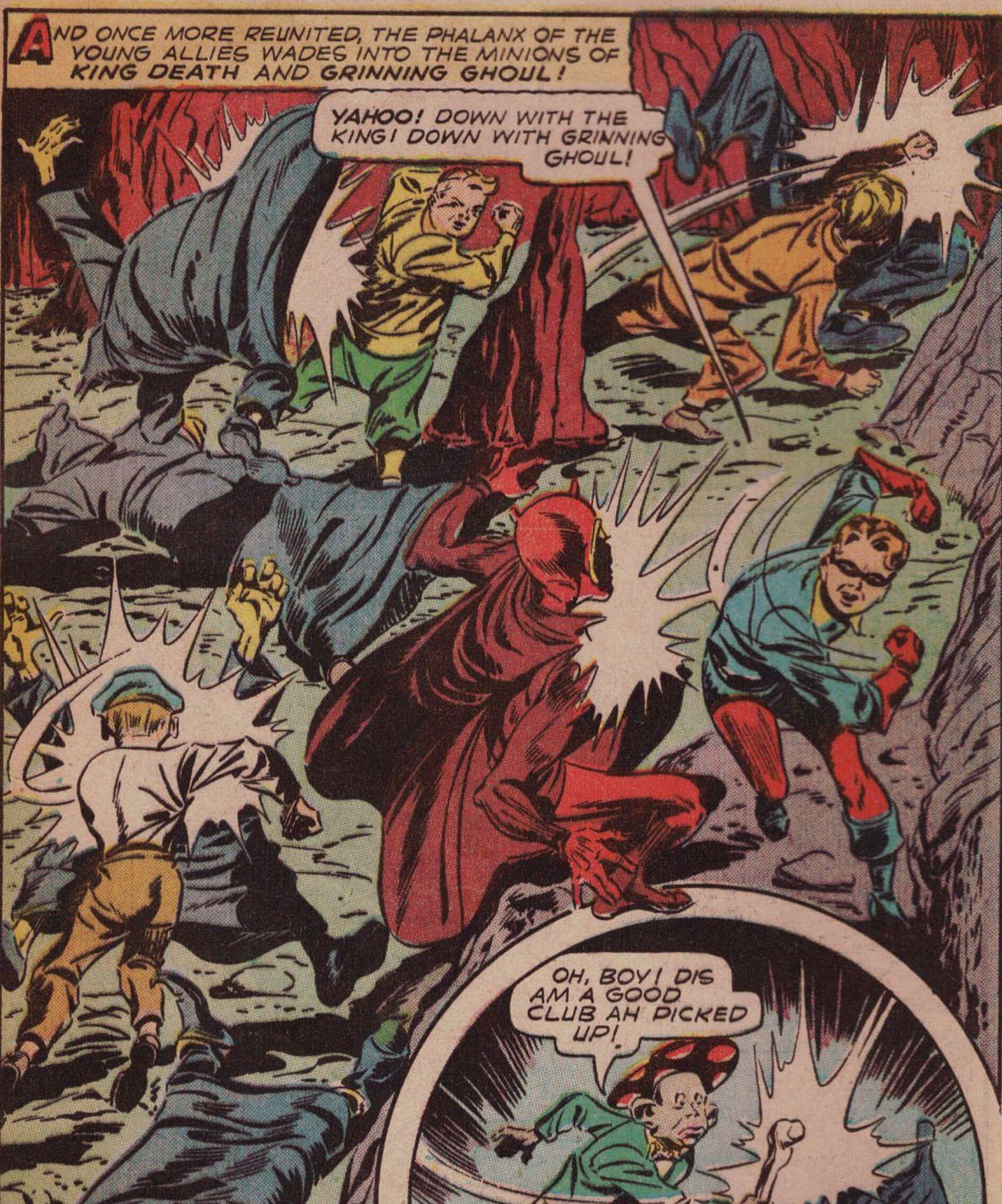

HSST, KNUCKLES! WE'LL GO THROUGH ALL OF THIS FOR THE TIME BEING! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS MUMMERY!
I GOTCHA!
AND NOW HIS MAJESTY WAITS TO SEE YOU! COME!
THE KING OF DEATH!
GOOD LORD! A THRONE OF HUMAN BONES!
HOLY CATS!
THE KING OF DEATH GREETS THEM!
I GREET YOU-- IN THE NAME OF DEATH! BOW TO THE KNAVES! BOW TO YOUR MASTER!
NUTS TO YOU, BRUDDER! I AIN'T BOWING TO NOBODY, AND DAT INCLUDES YOU AND HITLER BOTH, SEE?
WHAT? PUNISH HIM!

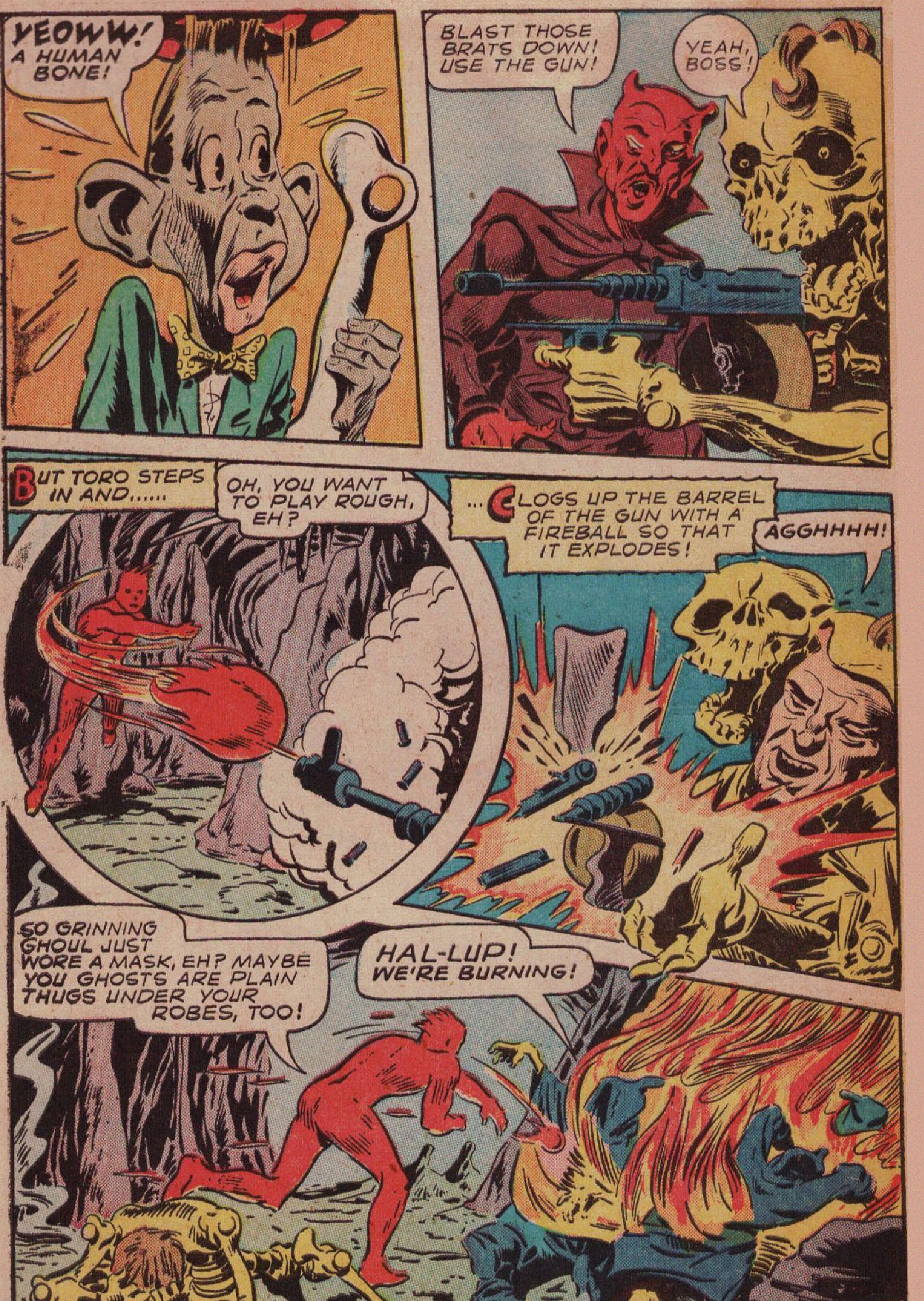

THE YOUNG ALLIES SWING INTO ACTION ONCE MORE.....!
YAHOO!
GET HIM, KNUCKLES!
YOU LITTLE BRAT, I'LL--- OOF!
YO' SWINGS AWFUL HARD FO' A G-G-GHOST, BROTHAH!
AN' BY GOLLY, YO' HAS CORNS, TOO!
OWWW!
PUFF! WE CAN'T LICK 'EM ALL! DEY KEEP COMING!
MAKE A RUN FOR IT!
MAYBE WE CAN HIDE AND FIGURE THINGS OUT!
SAFE FOR A MOMENT, THE BOYS REST UP!
OH, LAWDY! AH'S SCARED! DO YO' SUPPOSE DIS REALLY AM DE LAND O' DE DAID? IS WE DAID?
NAW! USE YER BRAINS, WHITEWASH! WHEN DID WE DIE? WHAT DO YOU THINK IT'S ALL ABOUT, BUCKY?
I DON'T KNOW! IT'S GOT ME! BUT LET'S WATCH AND SEE WHAT THEY PULL NEXT! I WISH THE OTHER BOYS WOULD COME!


MEANWHILE, A WEIRD CEREMONIAL UNFOLDS IN THE THRONE ROOM!
LET THE BRATS GO FOR NOW! IT IS TIME FOR THE CASE OF PIERPONT JONES! GRINNING GHOUL, PREPARE THE INSTRUMENTS OF TORMENT!
SUDDENLY THE DRUGGED VICTIM RECOVERS HIS SENSES, AND STARES TEARFULLY AT THE HORRIBLE SCENE AROUND HIM!
W-WHAT? WHERE AM I? WHAT IS THIS TERRIBLE PLACE?
YOU ARE DEAD! PIERPONT JONES, YOU DIED LAST NIGHT, AND WERE TAKEN ACROSS THE RIVER STYX BY CHARON! YOU ARE NOW IN THE **LAND OF DEATH!**
BEGIN THE TORMENT!
NO... NO! WHAT HAVE I DONE? DON'T... PLEASE LET ME GO!
[GROAN] OH... **THE PAIN!** WHY MUST I BE TORMENTED LIKE THIS?
ALL SINNERS MUST SUFFER! YOU ARE A GREAT SINNER, PIERPONT JONES! YOU AMASSED GREAT RICHES AND WEALTH DURING LIFE! NO SOUL CAN PASS ON FROM HERE WITH WEALTH!
I'LL GIVE AWAY MY WEALTH! ANYTHING! ONLY RELEASE ME FROM THIS TORTURE! MY WEALTH... CAN'T I GIVE IT AWAY... CAN'T I ATONE?
10


THEN SIGN THIS PAPER, OH, MORTAL!
ANYTHING!
THE RATS! NOW I BEGIN TO SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
LET'S WORK ON DEM MONKEYS AGAIN! YAHOO!
AGAIN THE YOUNG ALLIES LEAP INTO THE FRAY!
CURSES! THOSE BRATS AGAIN!
BUT THE BOYS GO DOWN UNDER THE HEAVY ODDS!
CHAIN THEM! THEY, TOO WILL HAVE A TASTE OF THE TORTURES!


DREAD TORTURES BEGIN FOR THE BRAVE THREE!
THEY HAVE NO WEALTH SO THE TORTURE WILL CONTINUE! HEE, HEE!
BUT AT LAST--THE OTHER THREE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE CROSSED THE RIVER AND REACH THE LAND OF DEATH!
LET'S GO! YAHOO!
BUCKY, KNUCKLES, AND WHITEWASH-- BEING TORTURED!
WHA....? MORE BRATS!
YES, BUD! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE, BUCKY!
ATTABOY, TORO!
HURRY, FELLAS! TACKLE 'EM BEFORE THEY CAN RALLY!
THERE! YOUR ROPES ARE OFF!


AND ONCE MORE REUNITED, THE PHALANX OF THE YOUNG ALLIES WADES INTO THE MINIONS OF **KING DEATH** AND **GRINNING GHOUL!**
YAHOO! DOWN WITH THE KING! DOWN WITH GRINNING GHOUL!
OH, BOY! DIS AM A GOOD CLUB AH PICKED UP!


YEOWW! A HUMAN BONE!
BLAST THOSE BRATS DOWN! USE THE GUN!
YEAH, BOSS!
BUT TORO STEPS IN AND......
OH, YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, EH?
...CLOGS UP THE BARREL OF THE GUN WITH A FIREBALL SO THAT IT EXPLODES!
AGGHHHH!
SO GRINNING GHOUL JUST WORE A MASK, EH? MAYBE YOU GHOSTS ARE PLAIN THUGS UNDER YOUR ROBES, TOO!
HAL-LUP! WE'RE BURNING!

WELL, WELL! HIS MAJESTY, TOO... JUST A **HUMAN RAT!**
AND BEFORE LONG, THE INVINCIBLE YOUNG ALLIES CAPTURED THE ENTIRE GANG AS THE **FIRST LIGHT OF** DAWN LIGHTS UP THE LAND OF DEATH!
LAND OF DEATH, EH? IT'S JUST A PLAIN OLD UNDERGROUND CAVERN!
ONE MORE REMAINS TO BE CAUGHT....
HOW'S IT GOING, GANG? DID YA GET PIERPONT JONES TO SIGN AWAY HIS DOUGH TO US? **ULP? HEY--WOT'S DIS?**
WELCOME, CHARON, OLD KID!
HUH? ...UGH!
LATER AS THE BOAT IS CROSSING BACK OVER THE RIVER.....
SO THAT WAS THE WHOLE SCHEME, EH? TO FRIGHTEN ME INTO BELIEVING I WAS IN HADES... AND TO GIVE AWAY MY WEALTH SO I COULD ESCAPE THE TORTURES!
AND NOW BACK TO "THE LAND OF THE LIVING!" IT WAS A SWEET RACKET THIS GANG HAD ALL FIGURED OUT!
YES, UNTIL **YOU YOUNG ALLIES** CAME ALONG!-
THE END

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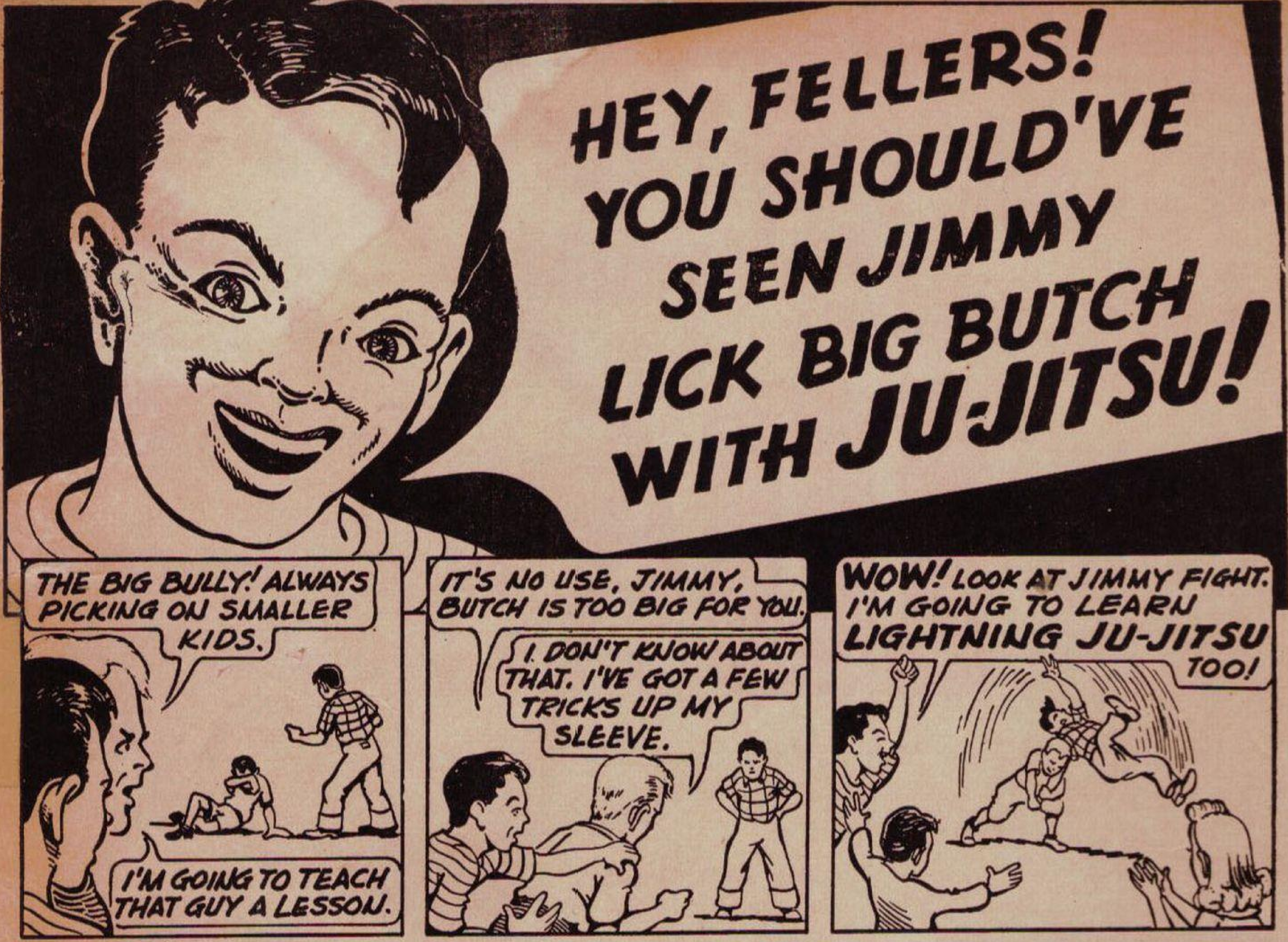
HEY, FELLERS! YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN JIMMY LICK BIG BUTCH WITH JU-JITSU!
THE BIG BULLY! ALWAYS PICKING ON SMALLER KIDS.
I'M GOING TO TEACH THAT GUY A LESSON.
IT'S NO USE, JIMMY, BUTCH IS TOO BIG FOR YOU.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE.
WOW! LOOK AT JIMMY FIGHT. I'M GOING TO LEARN LIGHTNING JU-JITSU TOO!

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